Vol. CXXXV. No. 1763.

Fit TripleX -and be safe Vauxhall do

THE BYSTANDER SEPTEMBER 29, 1937.

# The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

A. G. Macdonell : D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Herbert Farjeon : Howard Marshall

1/-

## Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then a well-known and precious drink, valued for its rarity and excellence. To-day Drambuie is pre-eminent the world over on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL.

We recommend the

Isle of Skye Cocktail 1/3rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin

## "Veebex" LEATHER

Ask your usual dealer for shoes made with Veebex Leather uppers and look for the Veebex label on every pair

WM. PAUL LTD. OAK TANNERY · LEEDS

puts Style plus comfort into Golf and Walking Shoes

## BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V.

## CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

## SPINK Est. 1772

cash buyers of . . .

FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS

ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER

5, 6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.

TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

## HOTEL LOTTI PARIS

In the Centre of the Shopping district

7, 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE

Room and bath from 15/-

Choice Lunch or Dinner, 6/6 or 7/6

*Telegrams:* Otelotti, Paris.

Renowned for its quiet distinction, excellent service and cuisine

NEW BAR-GRILL—11 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE.

## RED HEART OLD JAMAICA RUM

FOR COLDS AND CHILLS.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

## CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

## AMUSEMENTS

**COLISEUM.** (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) 2.30 & 8.15 Daily.

ST. MORITZ

A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE

Prices 10/6, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/- (including Tax).

## BRITISH HOTELS

***LIVE WHERE THE SUN SHINES LONGEST***

Stay this Winter on the South Coast and enjoy the bountiful blessings which only a high percentage of sunshine hours can bestow. Live in a hotel where you need never fear obtrusion nor solitude—where, for your convenience, you will find a 120 foot sun lounge. 100 centrally heated rooms, with hot and cold water, special menus prepared by a famous chef, fully licensed, lift, garage. Medical baths and winter games nearby. Terms from 4½ gns. per week. Write for tariff to-day.

**ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA *'Phone: Hastings 869*

**HANS CRESCENT HOTEL**

A delightfully quiet and comfortable hotel with an excellent cuisine—close to Harrods and Hyde Park and within easy reach of the Theatres and Shops. Unrivalled setting for Wedding Receptions and Private Dance Parties (sprung floor).

*Brochure on request from the Manager.*

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone: SLOane 8421 Telegrams: Hancrestel

England's most beautiful holiday-land—the Lake District. Its leading Hotel—

**THE KESWICK**

at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER

*Illustrated tariff from* J. & M. WIVELL & SON, *Proprietors.*

**THE FINEST HOTEL ON THE ENGLISH COAST**

Here is a standard of entertainment unequalled throughout the world. Everything is included in the terms: golf on the famous championship short course; tennis in the grounds, and also on the magnificent new covered courts—the most up-to-date in the country; squash rackets, badminton, croquet, indoor and outdoor bowls; covered swimming pool and electrically equipped gymnasium; the best ballroom in the West, flanked by the finest sun lounges in Europe; talking pictures, entertainments, cabarets; Jean Salder and his famous broadcasting orchestra; Clemson and Valerie, dance host and hostess of international repute; special instructors for golf, tennis, squash, swimming, gymnasium; 100-car capacity garage; 25 acres of beautiful grounds; free golf on the well-known Churston Course. Brochure on request.

**PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY**

*Telephone: Torquay 2272*

Come to the

**ISLE OF WIGHT**

as a Resident or Winter Visitor.

"The Garden Isle" is healthy in climate and trade, wealthy in scenic and social attractions and wise in guarding its natural charms. Its summer starts earlier and lasts later than most other resorts and its winter is mild.

Local rates are reasonable—Schools are good. The principal towns are Cowes, Newport, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, with Bembridge, Freshwater, Totland Bay and Yarmouth, delightful rural districts.

The Steamer (25 mins. sea trip) and Electric Train Service with London gives it the advantage of easy accessibility to and from all parts. Frequent S.R. Electric Expresses from Waterloo. "Monthly Return" Tickets from London: Ryde **15/3**, Sandown **16/6**, Shanklin **16/10**, Ventnor **17/7**, Cowes **17/10**.

Write to Captain R. F. Drudge, All-Island Advertising Committee, Newport, I. of W., for Official Handbook.

**DO YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC?**

**★IGLODINE**

**IS NON-POISONOUS, NON-STAINING, AND NON-STINGING.**

*From 9d. per Bottle at all Chemists & Boots Branches*

**THE IGLODINE Co., Ltd. NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE**

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

**AUSTRIA**

**Semmering.**—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** Centre of Winter Sports. Pat. H.R.H. Duke of Windsor. In. swim-pool

**BELGIUM.**

**Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA.**

**Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.**—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

**FRANCE.**

**Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.**—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

**Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.**—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, Swimming. Moderate terms.

**Cap d'Ail.—(Nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel.**—200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

**Monte-Carlo. — Le Grand Hotel.** — 350 rooms, 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Moderate terms. Open all year.

**Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.**—1st. class up to date, facing Casino, sea-view, open all the year. Moderate terms.

**GERMANY.**

**Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe.** — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

**Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

**GERMANY**—*continued*

**Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

**Cologne—Hotel Comœdienhof.**—Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

**Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11.** 100 beds, mod. comf., gar., cent., home from home. Incl. tms. fr. R.M.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

**Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.**—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

**Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from 9 Mks.

**Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.**—World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

**SWITZERLAND.**

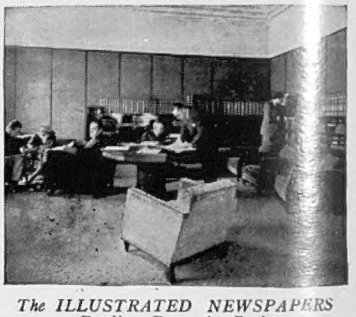
**Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.**—With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50,

**Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. —** First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

**Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

**Locarno.—Grand Hotel Palace.**—In quiet central location, overlooking lake, large park, pension from frs. 13.

## Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.



*The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.*

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given, free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

*All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:* PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

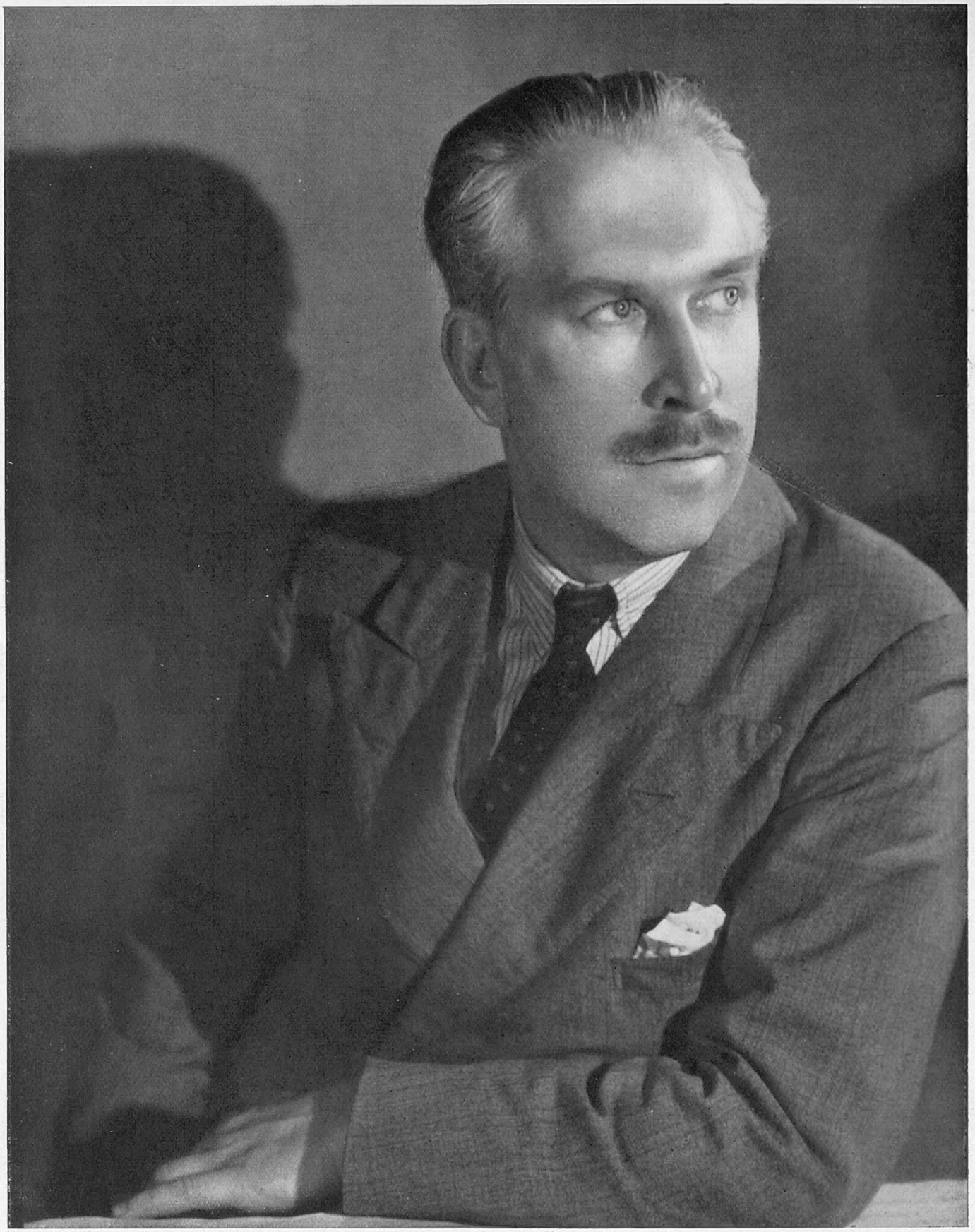
BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The Bystander, September 29, 1937 No. 1763. Vol. CXXXV

# The Bystander

## Jacqueline Delubac, Mme. Sacha Guitry

Sacha Guitry's beautiful wife has acted with him in all his plays and films since they were married two or three years ago. At the moment, her face is on the London screen in his gem of a comedy *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*, at the Academy. In about two weeks' time she will be seen again in another Guitry experiment, *Les Perles de la Couronne*. This, however, is a film on quite another scale to the story of the Cheat; it has fifty leading players, two hundred featured players and fifteen hundred small-part actors, and ranges about over five centuries of history, several countries, and two, if not more, languages. Again the story is told in a mixture of direct and indirect narrative, and Guitry directs with Christian Jaque as technical assistant. *Les Perles de la Couronne*, which has been a Paris record-breaker, will open the autumn season at the Curzon



*Anthony*

# Arthur Bliss — Composer

Arthur Bliss is in the musical news both this week and next. To-morrow night he is conducting his Colour Symphony in a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall. Next week his music for the ballet, *Checkmate* (choregraphy by Ninette de Valois), will be heard for the first time in London when the ballet is given at Sadler's Wells. Its first performance was during the Vic-Wells company's visit to Paris in June, when the rich, dramatic music made a fine impression. As concert music, *Checkmate* will first be heard next April, when Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct it in a London Philharmonic Orchestra programme. It is Arthur Bliss's most important work since 1935, when he wrote his "Music for Strings." He began to compose when he came back from the war in 1918, when he was twenty-seven, and his Colour Symphony dates from four years later. His chief compositions since have been a viola concerto, oboe and clarinet quintets, "Hymn to Apollo," "Morning Heroes." He lives and works in London

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

IF the ghastly bombing of Nanking and Canton does not arouse the conscience of civilised mankind, then there is no hope for the survival of society as we know it to-day. There was a time when people could be stirred by Armenian atrocities and Bulgarian atrocities and the sinking of a Lusitania. If that time is past, other things will quickly pass too. From the bombing of the civilian population of these Chinese cities it is not a very long step to the bombing of other cities—nearer home. We might well be saying at this very moment, "There, but for the grace of God, go London and Paris and Berlin and Rome."

LOYALTY to friends is a noble characteristic, whether in human beings, in dogs, or in newspapers. This week's prize goes to the *Evening News*, which is a member of that group of journals which has applauded "gallant little Japan" so long and so loudly. In describing the second series of air raids on Canton, it wrote in its leading article: "The Japanese Government would do well to consider whether they cannot maintain their honour and gain their ends otherwise than by showing the Western world what the unrestricted use of the aerial bomb really means." The operative phrase is "maintain their honour."

THE diplomatic exchanges, which have surrounded the Anti-Piracy negotiations ever since the Nyon Conference was suggested, have resulted in a continuous series of small retreats by Signor Mussolini in his feverish desire to recover from his first blunder. Having played into the hands of Russia by not attending the Conference, he quickly realised the mistake (the formidable Duce is nothing if not quick), and set about retrieving it by his usual method of shaking his fist at Britain and France. Mr. Eden, with the also formidable figure of the Prime Minister behind him, and with the French Foreign Minister beside him, dug his toes in and refused to be intimidated. The Italians, in great surprise, waved their fists less truculently day by day, and now propose to join in the Patrol.

ITALIAN co-operation in the Patrol would be welcomed in this country, but most emphatically not on the terms suggested by Rome. It would be one thing to have Italian destroyers patrolling, along with British and French destroyers, the main east-west routes, but it would be a far different thing to allot to Italy the north-south line between Sicily and Africa. For this, of course, would give them exactly what they want—namely, the power to control all traffic going from the Black Sea to Spain. Rome cannot have it both ways. She demands parity for her Navy with the British and French navies, but simultaneously a special position across the trade routes.

IT is perfectly obvious that Signor Mussolini was put in a very awkward dilemma, concentrating so passionately as he was upon achieving the maximum possible success on his visit to Berlin. If he had gone thither straight, as it were, from a conference attended by Russia, Herr Hitler might have, as Mr. Damon Runyon would say, "made a chill for him." Equally unpleasant would it be to arrive in Berlin not as the ever-victorious Dictator, but as one who has taken a nasty crack from the detested Mr. Eden. Hence the frantic efforts to "recover face."

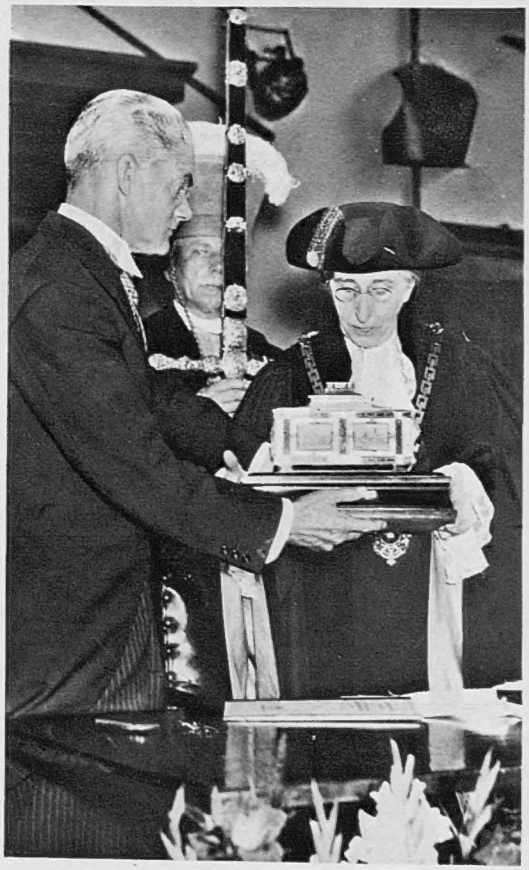
SPAIN, as was generally accepted, failed to get enough votes at the League Assembly to get re-elected to the Council. It was surprising, on the other hand, that Turkey also failed, and that the seat which is unofficially earmarked for one state out of the Turkey-Irak-Iran-Afghanistan group should have gone to Iran, a far less influential and valuable member of the League. The voting was secret, but it is thought that, for some reason, the South American States combined to make a dead set at Turkey. At the moment, the Council is in the undignified position of hawking the last empty seat round Geneva. Hungary would like it, but has, unfortunately, a heavy black mark against her for refusing to join in the sanctions against Italy. By this time Belgium will probably have stepped into the breach.

THE United States have been in the limelight recently in three different directions, none of which redounded very much to their credit. First there were the antics of the "veterans" in New York. Secondly, there was the cold-blooded shooting of a distinguished Kentuckian general by three brothers of his ex-fiancée while he was awaiting trial for her murder. (As a Kentucky colonel myself, I deprecate this disregard for the sanctity of the lives of Kentuckian officers.) And thirdly, there is the flight—one can hardly use a less strong word—under orders from Washington, of the American Embassy and colony from Nanking. No one was more distressed at the order than the American Ambassador himself. He realised, as everyone else did, that Washington had seriously lowered American prestige in the eyes of the world. So strongly, indeed, did the Ambassador feel on the subject that immediately after the first big raid he returned to his Embassy from the gunboat to which he had retired.

PAPUAN Islanders, four thousand of them, have appealed to their seventy-six-year-old Governor not to retire. For thirty years Sir Hubert Murray, brother of Dr. Gilbert Murray, has guided the fortunes of Papua on lines of combined idealism and practical politics. On his first arrival in Papua he found murder rampant. Selecting one well-known gang of murderers. he walked in pursuit of

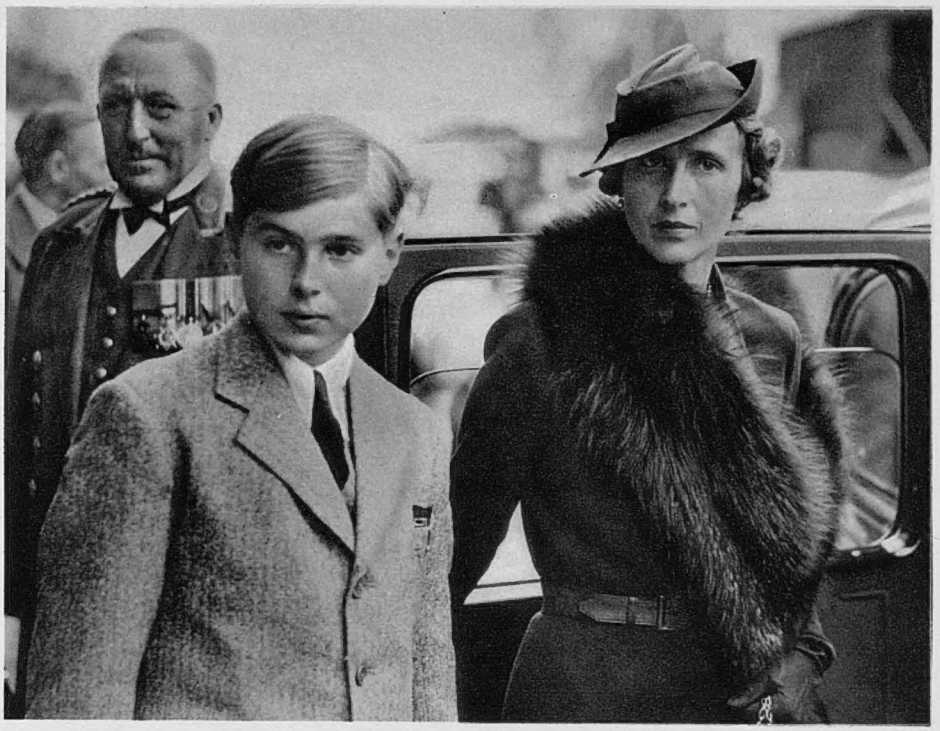
*Old Vic Celebrities*

*Lord Lytton, the chairman of the Old Vic, and the great Miss Lilian Baylis could well smile at the opening night of the Old Vic season. The production of "Pygmalion" is a grand one and the theatre was crammed and happy*



*Honour for Lord Nuffield*

*Last week Lord Nuffield received from the Mayor of Worcester, Miss Katharine M. D. Atkins, the honorary freedom of that city, in recognition of his services to learning and science and as a philanthropist. Lord Nuffield was born in Worcester in 1877*



*Off to School*

*Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia has just started his first term at Eton and here he was just off on his journey into that new world. His mother, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, the Duchess of Kent's sister, took him down by car*

*Eighth Birthday*

*The Master of Carnegie was eight years old last Wednesday. His parents, Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, gave a party for him at Elsick House, their home in Aberdeenshire, at which Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose were two of the guests*

them for weeks on end, until the gang lost their nerve and surrendered. He then made them walk behind him wherever he went, until they begged to be hanged instead. He then appointed them all as policemen, with special reference to murder cases, in which they had expert knowledge. Now, murder is almost unknown in Papua.

A GRIM report has been issued by the Howard League for Penal Reform. It states categorically that torture is used for extracting information from prisoners more extensively in the world to-day than it was fifty years ago, and that its use is steadily increasing. This is a pretty frightful reflection upon our ideas of progress. Another alarming feature of the report is that Ulster is among the Governments "black-listed" for its unfair treatment of prisoners. Not so long ago the Council for the Protection of Civil Liberties declared, after a careful investigation, that things were not very good in the administration of justice in Northern Ireland. This second attack means that Belfast must either disprove the allegations or stand convicted.

IN addition to the Palmerston Front (which has been quiescent since Mr. Neville Chamberlain became Prime Minister and started the idea that British destroyers should protect British shipping) and the Vandal Front, which has been as atrociously active as ever, I now propose to publish occasional bulletins from the Self-Denying Front. A short time ago I announced that I would not again mention Sir Stafford Cripps' political gymnastics. To that is now hereby added Jack Doyle's matrimonial gyroscopics, and Tommy Farr's ballyhoo.

A BOOK about the Balkans has been published recently, written by Mr. Philip Thornton, who is well known as a broadcaster about music and dancing. In it he says that the Bulgarians have been Christians for two thousand years, and if we tried to think that out, we would all get headaches.

BETWEEN the pre-war night when *Pygmalion* was first produced and its revival last week at the Old Vic, Eliza Doolittle's famous adjective, which caused such a sensation, has become so common upon the lips of young and old nowadays that no one pays the slightest attention to it. If anything, its use connotes a certain old-world grace of manner.

KNOWING, as we all know, that the modern, up-to-date, red-hot art of the film takes tepid, Victorian dulnesses and turns them into thrills, I went to see the film of *King Solomon's Mines*, which chanced to be visiting a neighbouring country town. It was one of my favourite boyhood books, and I doubt if I have read it less than twice a year ever since. Umbopo, Henry Curtis, Twala, Gagool—why, I was brought up with them! So I went eagerly, to see the excitements made even more exciting. Never was there such a disillusionment. It was almost as if all the dramatic moments had been deliberately cut out. Not one was included. It was utterly deplorable. I am sorry for the vicissitudes which have befallen the Gaumont-British, but the film of Rider Haggard's great story almost reconciles me to them.

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesdon*

*Florence Desmond was married last week at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Charles F. Hughesdon, insurance broker and pilot. Her first husband was T. Campbell Black, who was killed in an air crash last year*

THERE are some who think of Mr. J. B. Morton as one of the very, very small group of real wits in London, and some as a man who sings not only loud, but well, and some as a brilliant eccentric. But the time is not far off when he will be regarded as a very serious historian indeed. Last year he wrote a fine and accurate series of studies on the French Revolution called *The Bastille Falls*. This week he has followed up with another, *The Dauphin*, in which he repeats his feat, unusual in our times, of making scholarly research readable.

SCORES in professional golf competitions continue to be amazing. When Percy Alliss, in the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament at Wentworth, holed four rounds of this long and difficult course in an average of four strokes a hole, he was never in the hunt, and finished eleven strokes behind the winner. There is no doubt that conditions are easier than they used to be a generation ago. Balls fly further, clubs are better, and chemicals have improved fairways and greens. But one cannot help suspecting that the all-round level of skill is higher, too.

# Another New Ballet

## And Another Party at Covent Garden to Celebrate It

*Alice Nikitina*

*Nikitina, one of the glittering stars of the last Diaghileff period, had just arrived to join the de Basil company. She is to dance in another addition to the repertoire, "Le Lion Amoureux"*

*Serge Grigorieff, Régisseur General*

*Left: Grigorieff is one of the most famous figures in the ballet world; he was Diaghileff's régisseur, as he now is de Basil's. His knowledge of dancing is immense, and he is said to carry in his head the choregraphic score and the lighting cues of every ballet in the combined repertoires*

*Right: Olga Morosova was talking to the English Diaghileff ballerina, Hilda Sokolova, in the foyer at Covent Garden, where the party was given after "Coq d'Or"*

*A Triangle of Congratulation*

*Efrem Kurtz, the conductor, Irina Baronova, who played one of the leading parts in the new ballet, and Colonel de Basil were photographed on the stage after the first performance of "Coq d'Or" last Thursday. Fokine has made Rimsky-Korsakov's opera into a complete ballet to Pushkin's fairy-tale, with a wonderful setting, blazing with clear bright colours, by Gontcharova*

*Marc Platoff, the young American dancer, has one of the chief parts in "Coq d'Or" as King Dodon. He gives an excellent performance, full of humour and understanding of his part. With him is Betty Lvova, a Canadian member of the company*

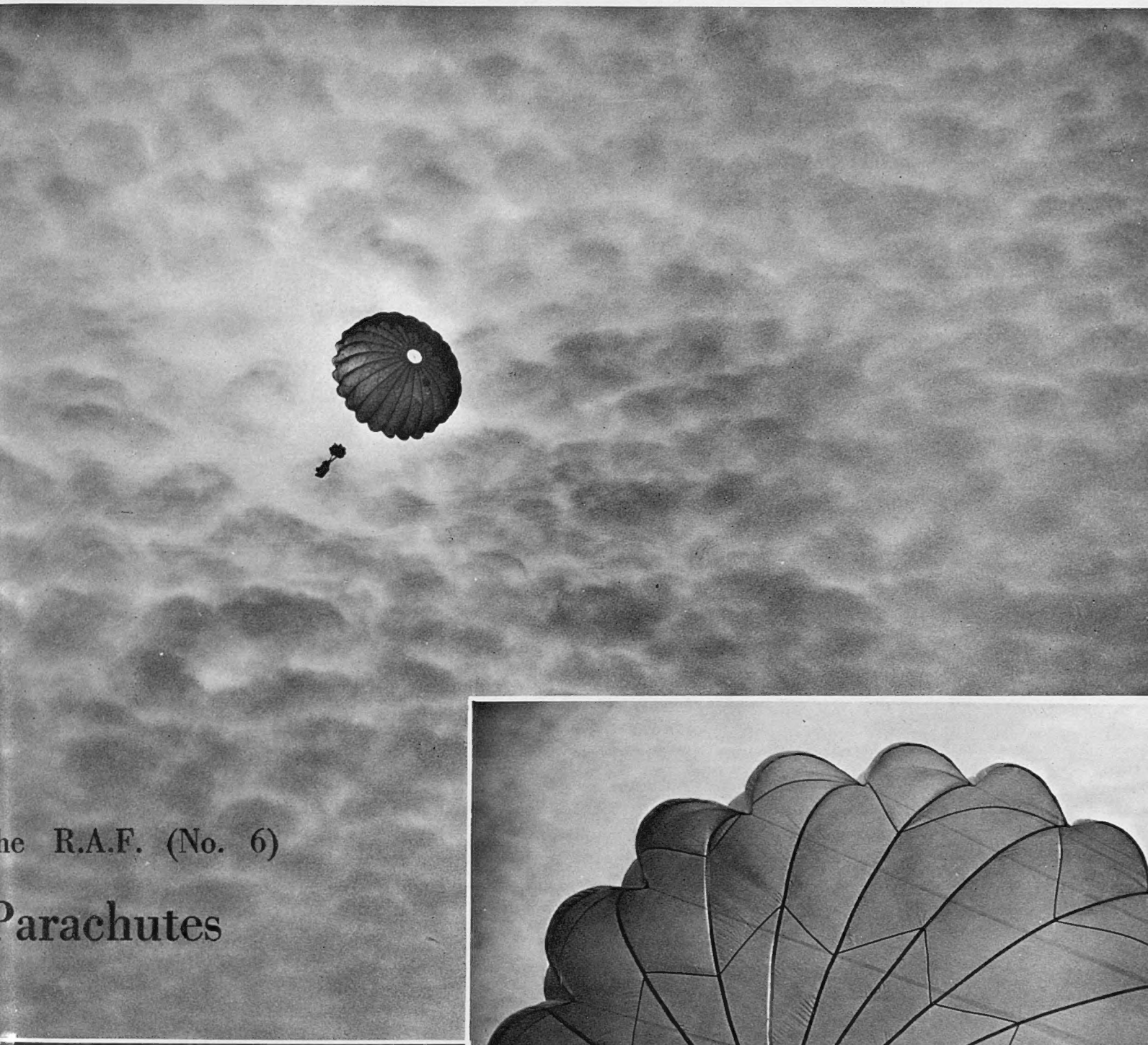
*The Hawker Hind is used for high-speed parachute dropping, which tests the parachute and harness to the maximum. The parachutes are released from the cockpit by a special apparatus, with something of a risk to the tail of the 'plane if anything goes wrong*

*An example of normal slow-dropping when eight parachutes are tested at a time and released consecutively*

# With the Services:

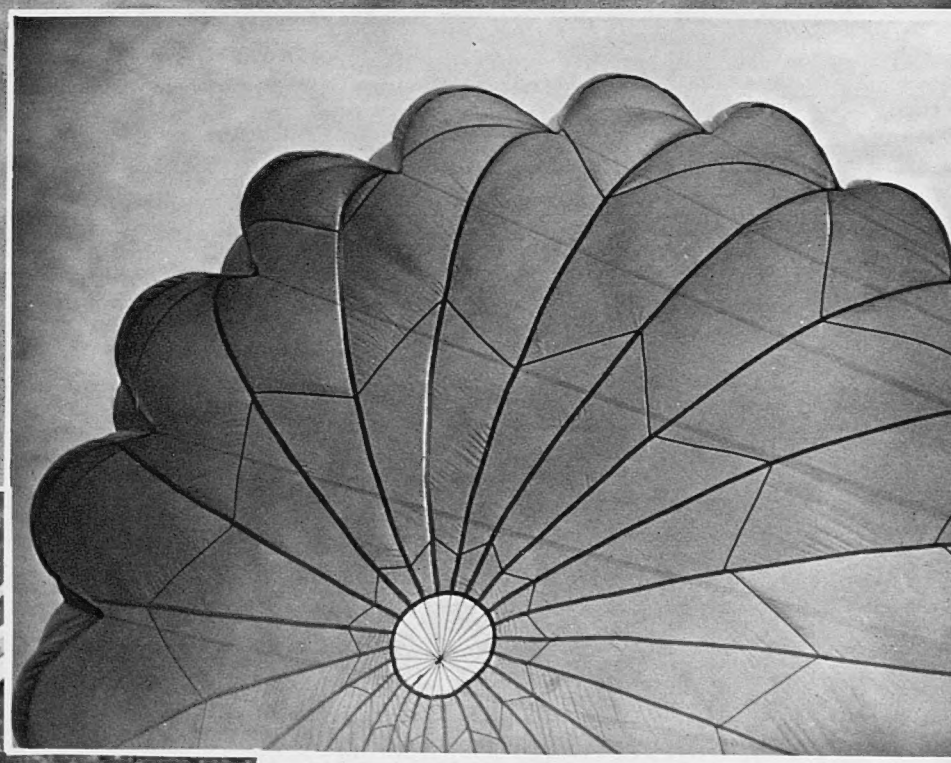
# Testing

*Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson*



## ne R.A.F. (No. 6)

# Parachutes



*The parachute collapses as it lands with a transparent shell-like grace*

*Left: a safe landing. The dummy used for testing is equivalent to a pretty heavy man—about two hundred pounds*

# Social Register

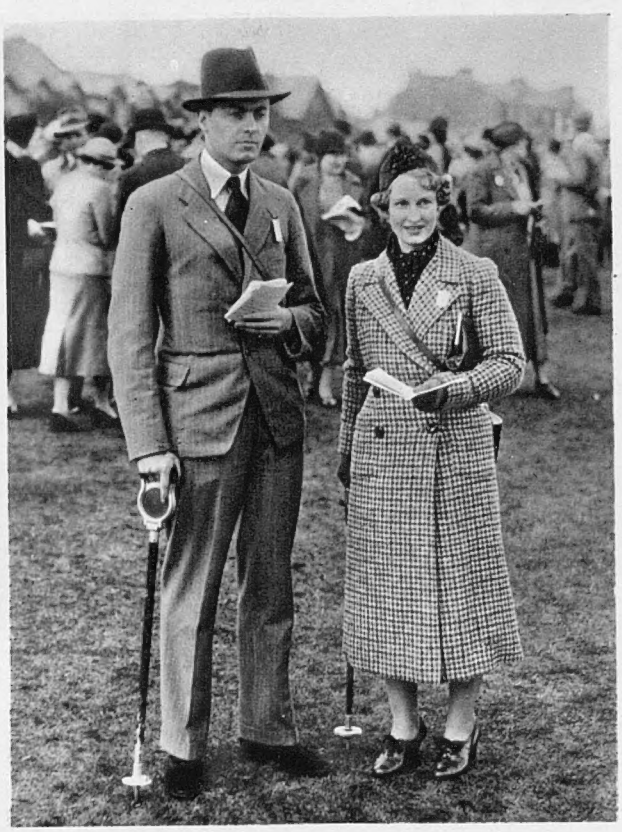
RACE MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

***Musselburgh:*** *Miss Evangela Sandys went racing with her mother, Mrs. G. O. Sandys, wife of Major G. O. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, Lancs. Evangela Sandys is a 1938 deb*

***Kelso:*** *Miss Diana Elliot and Miss Averil de Zoete were two attractive girls who attended pretty closely to the racing at the recent Kelso meeting*

***Lanark:*** *Miss Lisette Pilkington, who is with Mr. William Brooksbank, was staying at Dolphinton for the Lanark meeting and ball. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. Alan Pilkington, of Reay, Caithness*

*Right:* ***Kelso:*** *Miss Carol Macmillan is Captain Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan's eldest daughter, fourteen this year. She is with Lady Bridget Elliot, the Mintos' lovely elder daughter*



***Musselburgh:*** *Lord and Lady Maitland came over to the Edinburgh autumn meeting from Thirlestane Castle. They were married last year*

***Lanark:*** *Miss Elizabeth and Miss Diana Knox are with their host for Lanark, Mr. Patrick Scott, of Stantilaine. The two girls live in Ayrshire*

WEDDINGS IN LONDON

***Madden—Mellor:*** *John Madden, Irish Guards, of Hilton Park, Clones, Ireland, and Nita Mellor, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. Seymour Mellor, of 70, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and have gone motoring on the Continent for their honeymoon*

***Princess Ekaterina of Russia*** *was married, at the Church of St. Andrea al Quirinale in Rome, to Marchese Ruggero Farace di Villaforeista, son of Marchese and Marchesa Farace, of 16, Via Porpora, Rome. She is the only daughter of the late Prince John Constantinovitch and Princess Helen of Russia*

***Hoare—Portal:*** *Nigel Hoare is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hoare, of Daneshill, Basingstoke; Cecilia Violet Portal is the youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Bertram and the Hon. Lady Portal, of Southington, Overton, Hants. They were married at St. Mary's, Overton, and are honeymooning in Scotland*

***Graham—North:*** *Robert Alexander Clive Graham and Dorothy Anne North were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of the late Captain W. L. Graham, and of Lady O'Donnell, of The Moat, Charing, Kent. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, of 63, Sydney Street, S.W.3*

***Miss North's Bridesmaids:*** *Miss Dorothy North had eight grown-up bridesmaids and two children, all dressed in shades of gold, her own dress being pale yellow satin. The bridesmaids were Miss Gloria Gordon, Lady Lavinia Dundas, Miss Prunella Higgins, Miss Pamela Oakley, Miss Eileen Lang, Miss Diana Carlos-Clarke, Miss Margot Cruikshank, and Miss Susan North. The children were Nicholas Rayner and Pamela Snow*

# FACES

*Charlie the Beachcomber*

*Mr. Laughton, than whom no one can make himself up more surly, sinister and unshaven, has got to have half a beard and a straggly moustache for his new film part—a beachcombing rascal in "Vessel of Wrath," which Erich Pommer is directing*

*Laughing President*

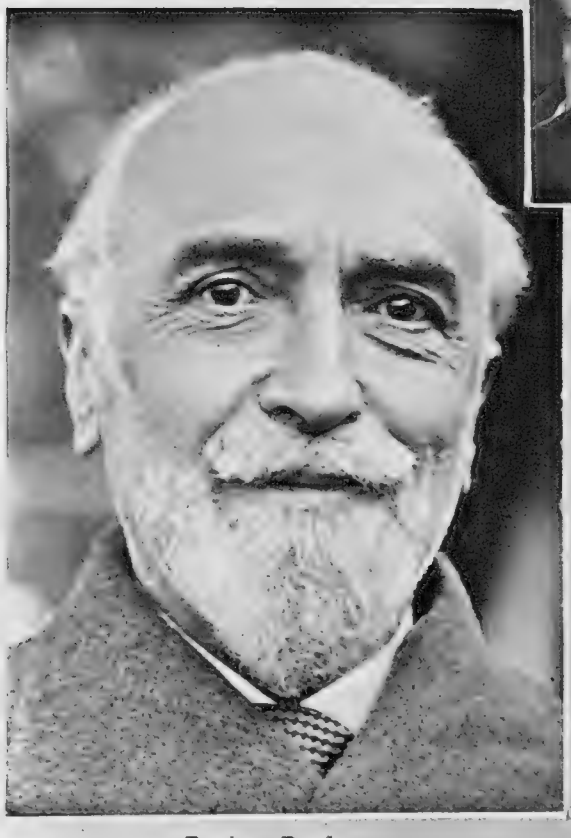
*Mr. Roosevelt can still laugh at a joke, whether Senator Black was ever in the Ku Klux Klan or not*

*Oyster-eating Mayor*

*Maj. Gerald Benham, Mayor of Colchester, opened the Colne oyster beds by the usual ceremonious shell-to-mouth eating of the first oyster of the season*

*Left: Mr. Montagu Norman is no longer camera-shy, and why should he be with a fine face like that?*

*Right: Miss Jacqueline Gately is champion hog-caller of Arkansas, U.S.A. At present in London, she was trying out her voice at a Dartford piggery*



*Benign Banker*

*Happy Hog-caller*

# More Celebrities in Cameo

## No. 39

## Rupert Bellville

RUPERT BELLVILLE is a bizarre young man. He has absolutely no fear, not much imagination, and nothing ever seems to strike him as amusing. Anyway, he practically never laughs, and when he does, it seems to be forced. He has a curious rolling walk, and when he stands still, one leg is always straight with the other slightly bent. He swims very well—he once swam the Seine in a dinner jacket—but dog-fashion, with his head and shoulders well out of the water. In London he dresses very tidily, with a red carnation always in his buttonhole at night. Abroad, he 'll wear anything—a red shirt, rope shoes, and grey flannel trousers.

Rupert Bellville is one of the best backgammon players in Europe. He also rides well. That is why he is such a good pilot. Good pilots have to have very good hands. Incidentally, he must have over seven thousand hours to his credit, and though he may occasionally hedge-hop, fly under a bridge, or through a hangar, he knows exactly what he is doing, and will never be foolhardy in the face of bad weather reports.

Son of the late Frank Bellville, much of whose money came originally from mustard, he was educated at Eton, and then went into Schröder's as a clerk. It was while preparing for this job that he first went to Spain to learn the language. To-day he talks pure Andalusian, knows more about bull-fights than any foreigner except Ernest Hemingway, and though his exploits as a matador have been greatly exaggerated, he once fought in the professional ring as a peon—those members of the quadrilla who take the first charge of the bull and stand by to divert it from the matador in case of accidents. He has also fought in a novillada—a novice's bull-fight, in which only two-year-old bulls are used.

AFTER leaving Schröder's, where he did not stay very long, he became secretary-pilot to Rupert Byass, whom he flew all over the Continent and Scandinavia. He was also one of the first Englishmen to fly to Russia after the war, and he once crashed in Persia. For some time, too, he was in the 601 Squadron, though he had to send in his papers when he decided to take an active interest in General Franco's movements. He has twice been challenged to a duel. The first time it was serious, and he chose swords, because he is a pretty good fencer. Whereat the other fellow turned it up. The second occasion was more of a joke than anything else.

Rupert Bellville has never been engaged to be married. He eats nothing except scrambled eggs and tomatoes, which he apparently swallows whole. He once started an action against Michael Arlen. He writes a bit himself, but often loses the manuscript. He speaks French, German, and Italian, as well as Spanish. His complexion is pink and white, his height well over six feet, his forehead almost dome-like, his age about thirty-two. He is born out of his generation, if not out of his century. He stays at the Royal Automobile Club when in London, is a member of White's, gambles on most things, has a real wanderlust, always looks for trouble, and usually finds it. Even Gijon's prison does not seem to have cured him, and he is back again in Spain. Papillon Hall, just left to him by his father, cannot charm him from his butterfly existence—though Moth-like or Dragon-like would perhaps be better adjectives for this swooping young cavalier of the clouds. **Charles Graves**

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*"What would you do if you could have your life over again?"*

THE Bren Gun with which the Army is being rapidly issued is six pounds lighter than our old buddy the Lewis Gun, which it will replace, and has a shorter barrel. This will obviously render it slightly more adaptable to circumstances requiring the sudden taking up of a fresh position according to plan. In other words, it will be easier to run with, each way.

The late General F. P. Crozier having recently aroused yells of execration all over Great Britain for saying in a book that British soldiers sometimes run the wrong way (and revealing that he shot a few in the act of so doing, *pour décourager les autres*), we 're going to glide pretty gracefully over this indelicate topic, it being an axiom in every country in the world that its own soldiers never run the wrong way. This seems to us, speaking as old warriors, a curiously poetic convention. There are times when the good soldier runs back like a hare to take up a better position, instead of staying like an ass to be wiped out uselessly. What matters is when and where he stops running and faces round again; and to decide this often involves problems which few people not concerned are competent to discuss—least of all the Staff, which often hasn't the faintest idea of what 's going on anywhere, as is well known to one and all.

The brass-hat who is too impulsively handy with his revolver in a sudden retreat may therefore be losing the battle; apart from the fact that he 's got no real business to be up among the rough stuff at all, and, indeed, as most front-line troops agree, would be better employed some miles back, trying to make head or tail of his maps or bullying half-crazy colonels over the 'phone for details of pickets, screw, small, pickets, screw, large, picks, shovels, gumboots, officers, for the use of, and other trench-stores mentioned in some missing indent of three weeks back. This being the brass-hat's favourite pastime in the middle of a desperate action, while the whole earth is going up in smoke and flame.

*"I 've got designs on that girl"*

### *Memento Mori*

YET another plague-pit into which dead Londoners were thrown by the cartload during the Great Plague of 1665 has just been uncovered—this time by workmen digging foundations for a newspaper-office extension in Farringdon Street, E.C. The skulls and bones of about 300 citizens have been collected up to now. (It mightn't be a bad idea to mount a skull or two of this batch on silver and place it, as a reminder, on the mantelpiece of one or two Fleet Street moguls who appear to think they 're immortal.) The other known big plague-pits are the one just outside Lord's, the one outside Tattersalls' in Knightsbridge, and the one in Soho; these three being then more or less in open country.

The Farringdon Street pit being just outside Ludgate, the carts probably took many return journeys a night, and if Mr. J. W. Dunne's fascinating theories about Time and the Fourth Dimension are accurate, and if we 're remembering them accurately, those carts are still going up and down Ludgate Hill each night and chucking the dead into that pit. Possibly one of the Fleet Street boys who are out late could see them, if he was properly sensitised. Possibly one of the boys *has* seen them, and merely put it down, as usual, to the Old Dog Trouble.

Finding this plague-pit right in our bosom, so to speak, should give us Fleet Street boys a homey feeling, since one of the finest bits of English journalism extant is Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*; a superb, gripping, front-page-splash-news-story piece of descriptive writing, and hardly a word of truth in it, experts say. Which reminds us of a good line in an American newspaper play we saw some time ago: "Listen, they don't *want* the news—they want to know *what 's happened*."

### *So What?*

A HIGHLANDMAN who was at the recent Argyllshire Gathering at Oban has since tried to explain to us the difficult art of pipe playing, but without much success, though we listened as attentively as Dr. Johnson when he put his ear against the big drone. The Doctor was willing to learn and so were we, but neither of us got much out of it, our own secret feeling about the pipes being that there can't be so very much to an instrument which pink-faced chits of girls can play with ease. We refer to the celebrated Girl Pipers of Dagenham (of all places!), a band of tartan-clad sweethearts in their early teens who go everywhere nowadays, piping with noted brio and sangfroid. Our position with regard to the pipes is that if we were a big conceited hairy nation setting an acknowledged moral example to the entire world, we 'd be ashamed to make such a song about such an instrument, which obviously any schoolgirl can play.

Our Mr. A. G. Macdonell, we observe, steers clear of this delicate topic in his brilliant new book on Scotland (advt.), though himself a fine piper of the Early Macrimmon School, his version of "The Blue Bells of Scotland" having won him three gold medals in competitions for the best rendering of "The Massacre of Glencoe." It was on account of this that he was recently appointed sole Mayfair concessionaire (sales and repairs) by the Piobaireochd Society and elected an honorary life-member of the Scottish Widows' Life Assurance Company.

***Hard Cheese, Sir!***

EVERYBODY was hoping that Pharaoh, the widowed Zoo penguin, who has been trying for weeks to hatch an egg left him by his wife, would succeed. The penguin is the most lovable and matiest and cheeriest bird on earth, as every Antarctic explorer will agree. He loves the company of big hairy men and hastens to be around whenever anything 's going on. Moreover, he is the pluckiest of birds. How would you like to sit on an ice-floe for weeks at 60 below zero, amid darkness and howling, cutting blizzards, balancing an egg on your foot under a flap of skin till it hatches? And would your parental love be so strong that if the egg broke you 'd scrabble up the nearest lump of frozen snow and try to hatch that out instead? We can just see you doing it.

Pharaoh, alas! failed—the jolly sportsman. Perhaps the too-great proximity of South Kensington disheartened him in advance. You remember what happened when Cherry-Garrard took a precious King Penguin's egg, won after unspeakable agony and danger in the Antarctic wilds, to the haughty officials there. They treated him as if he was the dustman calling for the empties. That learns people to go exploring.

***East of Aldgate***

A SOCIAL investigator reported the other day that Phil May's typical East End Cockney, in cap and muffler, or fevvery hat and shawl, is practically extinct. The young bloods of Whitechapel go about dressed "as nearly like film stars as possible." Their girl friends belong to "perm. clubs" at a bob a week, dress smartly, wear silk stockings, use good quality cosmetics, and can often hardly be distinguished from their West End sisters, except that some of them are better-looking. Few of them get drunk or fight nowadays, and the familiar street-battles of Bethnal Green are over for good. The only excitements of that sort nowadays are periodical Jew-Fascist clashes, which are not fighting for pure fun's sake, either.

Thus does the ruffianly picturesque give place to the cleanly respectable, from our own observation. The Commercial Road is as broad, dull, and decorous as the Cromwell Road, nearly. Sailors are no more bumped-off in what was once Ratcliff Highway, there are no more crimps in Wapping, where we had a prim, melancholy drink recently, there are glittering stores in Shoreditch nearly the size of Selfridge's, an Aldgate tailor advertises gents' natty evening clothes for hire all over the Tube stations, and the Chinatown which tourists go to see in motor-coaches is just a few drab, silent little streets of no exotic interest whatsoever (and we wonder, incidentally, how their pacific residents like the motor-coach people calling them London's Underworld?). There may be a bit of that old-world crime flourishing in the East End still, but most of it seems to have gone West.

***Good-bye, Arcadia***

APROPOS of which changes, the most disturbing of all may be seen now in St. John's Wood, till quite recently a leafy, retired, almost rural quarter full of lilac and acacia and lime-trees, birds, artists, cats, milkmen, and little early Victorian houses with large sleepy sun-washed gardens and big studios. Enormous blocks of flats have wiped masses of this Arcadia off the map already, and new blocks seem to shoot up every day. Passing Alma-Tadema's celebrated palace in the Grove End Road recently, we saw it hemmed in by two new towering barracks, and sighed. It 's a perfect monument of opulent Victorian extravagance inside (the R.A. spent £70,000 on it), with its vaulted circular Byzantine ceiling and its marble sunken bath, the musicians' gallery with its frieze, heavy doors of carved mahogany and bronze, stained-glass windows, the great canopied antique Italian bed in which the R.A. slept, and the devil knows what else. It 's been empty for years, and you can buy an Alma-Tadema picture nowadays for less than one-tenth of its contemporary market-price, if you like Alma-Tademas.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*"What—I gave you the necklace? Oh, well, that's* different"

# The Theatre

## By Herbert Farjeon

*Sketches by Rouson*

***"Going Greek" (Gaiety)***

THIS entertaining Leslie Henson show will probably run (though it is not likely to live) as long as *The Pirates of Penzance*. The difference is that for pirates we have bandits; for Penzance, Epirus; for Sullivan, swing-time; for orderly Gilbertianism, anarchical ebullience; for the disciplinarianism of the eighteen-eighties, the licence of the nineteen-thirties.

From legitimate jokes about drachmas we proceed to jokes about ransoms, which are only semi-legitimate, since they are promptly associated with lawn-mowers; after laughing at which, it would be captious to cavil at the appearance of Mr. Henson on an ice-cream tricycle or as a parody of a public school boy. All through, Mr. Henson, goofish as to the eye and sepulchral as to the larynx, is as funny as he is indefatigable. His burlesque of a board-meeting knocks the pompous stuffing out of all procedure. And that motley, as Jacques asserted, is the only wear for truth is well illustrated by his answer to the warning, "You know what happens to little boys who tell lies?" "Yes," he retorts, "they get jobs in the Foreign Office."

NOT only to meet Mr. Henson, but to meet many Old Hensonians, will London find itself Going Gaiety this autumn. There is Fred Emney, the foreigner's typical Englishman, a most delicate monster. There is Richard Hearne, whose acrobatics would be a sensation if he performed them in athletic tights and are a scream when he performs them in senile make-up. There is Gavin Gordon, whose fine baritone voice is a tower of strength, if a rather neglected tower in the present case.

Also, since there must be a love-interest to afford sentimental relief from the exhausting comic riots, there are Louise Browne and Roy Royston to hold each other's hands and gaze into each other's eyes as they proclaim at intervals that "The Sheep are in the Meadow" or inquire "Is There Anyone More Wonderful Than You?" It would not break our hearts if they did not marry, but it is quite pleasant when, in decor by René Hubert, they do.

*"Crazy Days" at the Shaftesbury: Stanley Lupino and Gloria Day*

***"Crazy Days" (Shaftesbury)***

THE action of Stanley Lupino's new romp takes place in a deserted moorland manor from which, apparently, the electric light has been cut off. Taking advantage of this, three parties of visitors independently descend upon the premises for purposes which necessitate much hiding behind panels and the introduction of a complete theatrical company, chorus and backer included. The most important of the intruders on the first night were Stanley Lupino himself, fresh, as it were, from the bath and exuding quips like steam; and Gloria Day, an uncommonly good dancer, who does new things with her legs, and does them very engagingly. Laddie Cliff, owing to illness, was unfortunately unable to be present, but the temporary loss of his horn-rimmed talents is permitted to cast no gloom over the proceedings.

SLAPDOWN professionalism and no trimmings are what we expect of a Stanley Lupino show, and in *Crazy Days* we get them. The chorus-girls make their appeal now as parlour-maids, now as sailor-girls; they don't pretend to be Mr. Lupino's Young Ladies, but are just the pick of the audition, and very good picks, too.

Perhaps one feels at times that this show is only *just* once-nightly; but it will be just once-nightly for ever so many nights. As Mr. Lupino says frankly in his programme foreword: "The tired business man must be catered for, hence our simple humour."

*"Going Greek" at the Gaiety: Leslie Henson and Fred Emney*

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

# Sir William Reid Dick, K.C.V.O., R.A.

Last time we had a picture of Sir William Reid Dick he was shown beside his statue of Lord Willingdon; this one shows him with his second viceregal bust, that of Lord Halifax. These are two among the vast number of official and semi-official portraits and other works in stone that bear his mark. Last December he was appointed to execute the memorial effigy of King George V. for the tomb in St. George's, Windsor, and, with Sir Giles Scott, the statue for Abingdon Street, opposite Parliament. Sir William had already done a bust of the late King in 1933. He was well known as a sculptor, and had exhibited at the Academy for five years when he joined up in 1914 and served for the duration. In 1921 he was made A.R.A., in 1928 R.A., in 1933 President of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and in 1935 K.C.V.O. He is a Glaswegian, and a stupendous worker—his sport and his hobby are sculpture. He is at the moment half-way between two houses: he is moving from Grove End Road to Sir Alfred Gilbert's old studio in Maida Vale

*Photographs by Anthony*

*Tamara Grigorieva*

*In "Prince Igor"*

*In "Francesca da Rimini"*

# Two Lovely

## Tamara Grigorieva,

Grigorieva and Rostova are both original, and two of the most beautiful, members of Colonel de Basil's company. In height and type they are excellently matched in the various ballets in which they are paired: leading the Swans in *Lac des Cygnes*, as the two Ladies in Lichine's new version of *The Gods Go A-Begging*, in the first pas de trois of *Cimarosiana*. Grigorieva is a dancer with a fine sense of music and a serene control that gives finish and distinction to

*Lubov Rostova*

*Below: in "Choreartium"*

# ancers

## Lubov Rostova, of Col. de Basil's Company

all she does. Her chief solo rôles are the Princess in *L'Oiseau de Feu*, Constanza in *Femmes de Bonne Humeur*, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, *Carnaval*—all parts that used to be danced by her mother-in-law, Lubov Tchernicheva—and also in *Prince Igor*, *Contes Russes*, and a variation in *Aurora's Wedding*. She is married to Vsevolode Grigorieff, son of the famous Regisseur of the company. Rostova is a French-Scandinavian, and trained with Kchessinska in Paris. She only began dancing again quite recently, after an accident which might have proved fatal and which took her a year to recover from. This season she has brought her grace and sense of line—particularly in her arabesques—to the difficult task of taking over the parts Verchinina had made so very much her own in the Second Movement of *Choreartium* and the Third Movement of *Symphonie Fantastique*

Twelve Acres of Floor Space and All That: t

*Norman Parkinson*

## New Earl's Court

New Colossi like the Queen Mary and the new Earl's Court unavoidably plunge one into a dazing maze of statistics — bewilderingly impressive accounts of how much and how many. Twelve acres of floor space for one huge exhibition, or five simultaneous exhibitions under one roof, with separate entrances and restaurants; two and a half acres without a single pillar; two million gallons of water in the swimming-pool, which, when not wanted, can turn into part of the floor or a three-level stage; seating accommodation for 23,000 people that can be moved about on wheels; parking for 3000 cars in a double-tier park; restaurants and kitchens to supply 40,000 meals daily; twenty-five bars and five tea lounges: one could go on like that for pages. In a word (or two), Earl's Court is about the largest exhibition hall in the world, cost two million pounds, took two years to build, and is well worth seeing for itself alone. Its first show is being held there now; rather suitably, it is the Business Efficiency Exhibition. But this mammoth will first be seen by a really large number of people when the Motor Show opens there in a fortnight's time

*Act I. The Past, 1919.* "I 'm not used to happiness now, I 've forgotten about it; it 's so upsetting." *Mrs. Conway (Barbara Everest), her soldier son, Robin (Alexander Archdale) and Carol, one of her daughters (Eileen Erskine)*

# "Time and the Conways"

## Mr. J. B. Priestley's Play

A large number of people treasure unconsciously two quite contradictory ideas—the belief that they are in control within undefined limits of their own destinies, and a touching faith that a good enough clairvoyant can foresee the uncertain non-existent future. Mr. Priestley, playing the clairvoyant to his family of Conways, establishes the logic of his point of view by his stated conviction that time is only a man-conceived path by which we travel through a vast Now. First he shows the Conways and their hopes for the future, then he shows the Conways in the future as it really is, finally he takes them back to their early efforts to build that future as they want it. To one daughter (Jean Forbes-Robertson can make "second sight" utterly convincing) he gives a share of clairvoyance, a mysterious gleam of light reflected backwards. His pictures of the family are brilliant theatre, the acting is of the finest quality, as is Irene Hentschel's production, but it is the play's strange theme that gives it its deep interest. It is at the Duchess Theatre

*Photographs by John Everard*

*Act II. The Present.* "But if the money 's gone, it 's gone." *In the Conways' council of crisis are, standing, Mervyn Johns as Ernest Beevers, Raymond Huntley as Alan Conway, Helen Horsey as Joan Helford, Molly Rankin as Madge Conway, Alexander Archdale as Robin Conway, Rosemary Scott as Hazel Conway; sitting: Barbara Everest as Mrs. Conway, Wilfred Babbage as Gerald Thornton, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Kay Conway*

***Act II. The Present.*** "There's a great devil in the universe and we call it Time."
*Jean Forbes-Robertson as Kay Conway and Raymond Huntley as Alan Conway*

# Lady Georgina Hay and Her Prize Sheepdog

Lady Georgina Hay is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, and is twenty-one this year. She is talented, versatile and energetic, and consequently leads a well-filled and entertaining life. She works both for *Harper's Bazaar* and the *Connoisseur*, in connection with their circulation departments, and writes occasionally and well. The other side of her life is a country one: she hunts with the Buccleuch, and she owns that beautiful Shetland sheepdog Gold Dust of Exford, many times a prizewinner. Her father, Lord Tweeddale, owns Yester Gifford, in East Lothian; his heir-presumptive is his brother, Lord Edward Hay. Lady Georgina Hay's elder sister married Lord Kemsley's eldest son, Lionel Berry, four years ago; her younger sister, Lady Frances Hay, is still in the schoolroom

*Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 106

# The Visit

## By Martin Hawkin

*Illustrations by Clark Fay*

I CANNOT describe to you the heavy atmosphere that hung over the castle. If you visualise the very opposite of our Vienna soirées, with their bright lights and modern, intimate conversation, you will understand what I mean. Oppressive is not the word, nor is brooding, but these are the best I can lay my hands on in my present distrait mood.

Not having visited Leopold's place since I was seventeen, I scarcely remembered the neighbourhood and took a lively pleasure in the country scenery. I was in a romantic mood and ready to appreciate everything. In fact, when we approached the castle I sent the chauffeur on with the heavy luggage and accomplished the last ten minutes on foot, keeping only my personal valise, which I never let out of my sight.

The vine harvest was already over; there were nevertheless one or two peasants on the terraces, and their bright costumes, which I had not seen for ten years except in the cinema or at masked balls, seemed to me very pretty indeed.

My sylvan mood was somewhat damped by my arrival at the castle. It was not so much the atmosphere of the place which, as I have told you, was the opposite of cheerful, as the discovery that my room was on the north side of the building, where no electric light or water is laid on.

Neither Stephanie nor Leopold was on the scenes to greet me. The footman, a tall, sombre fellow with, I should think, more than a dash of unofficial good blood in him, told me that Monsieur was engaged in his laboratory and Madame was resting. She begged me to excuse her, but would see me at five o'clock for coffee. The fellow kept his great eyes on me as he said this and, I must confess, I took an instant dislike to him. Nor did he stay to help me unpack my valises so that I had difficulty in arranging myself after the journey. I took the precaution of sprinkling the pillows and sheets of my bed with eau de Cologne; they smelt so abominably of meadow hay.

I had not seen Stephanie since her wedding to Leopold eight years ago, but I remembered her as one of the prettiest girls of her season, who had caused more than regret in many hearts (including my own) when she gave my chemist of a cousin the yes-word and buried herself in the country with him. So it was with interest that I awaited her in the writing-room at five o'clock, nor was I disappointed.

You cannot imagine how spoilt we men are in the great cities, where all the most charming women of the world are to be seen, not only in drawing-rooms and at courts, but behind counters, in trams and restaurants. When one is in the country, on the other hand, with the same few faces and some ugly peasants to look at (peasants are only attractive in operettas, as I have often told you), there is a different state of affairs. You hear that a neighbouring landowner is to make a call with his two young daughters and you immediately visualise the girls as the most divine creatures, await them eagerly and colour them, on their arrival, with your previous hopes.

That is why country people are so happy: they have known nothing better ("O fortunatos nimium," etc.); whereas the townsman can know nothing better. But enough: I was not yet in this uncritical state; nevertheless, my cousin-in-law enchanted me from the first sight.

Picture to yourself one of our most famous beauties of to-day, add to her twice as much finesse in the moulding of feature and form, twice the impression of mature but hidden fires, and you will have an idea of Stephanie.

I kissed her hand when she came to greet me and then, presuming on our relationship, her cheek, at which she blushed in the most natural manner in the world. Coffee was served by the swarthy footman, who, though by no means the only house servant, seemed to fulfil all personal duties.

I HAVE said I took a dislike to the man, and this feeling grew throughout my stay. He was a most ubiquitous person. When he was not present he gave the impression, to me at any rate, of being just in the offing. This was probably true, as you will see. His manner to my cousin-in-law seemed from the first too confidential, and I at once divined that, as so often happens in the country, the true relationship between servant and master had become disturbed. I determined to set this to rights as far as I could.

Stephanie and I had the most pleasant conversation over our coffee and I discreetly sounded her on the latest notions of the capital about art, music and literature. She was possessed of a remarkable intelligence, had read the latest authors, could talk on all subjects, and even gave me some food for thought with some of her remarks.

Leopold did not put in an appearance until dinner that night. He greeted me warmly, asked me about Vienna and our friends there, but it was obvious that he had long lost touch with the circles I move in, and was little interested. He smelt strongly of the laboratory. After the meal he obliged me to follow him to his own work-place, where he showed me some wretched animals in cages and half-suffocated me with smells.

He was working with hormones, those chemicals that diabetic generals take before dinner. He told me that one day he would be able to create a leg or an arm from a section of jellyfish, and I believe he would have made experiments on me if I had given him a chance.

He tried to persuade me to drink something in a glass of brandy, which, he said, would rouse my anger. He spoke of thyroid and pituitary, not to mention the sexual cycle in cows, and other things. In return, I attempted to amuse him with that anecdote about Professor Klink who, as you know, is immured in his laboratory all day, and whose charming young wife deceived him with the assistant. Leopold shut up like a trap; I am afraid he is an admirer or friend of Klink. At any rate, I made my escape.

I lost my way in the corridors and had to ask a page boy how to get to Madame's boudoir. He told me, but did not accompany me and stood watching me down the passage for a while, then bolted in the other direction. This shows you how disorganised the personnel in the castle was becoming.

In Stephanie's room I found the swarthy servant making up the fire—his name, believe it if you will, was Euchar—and I was glad of this for the night was cool and the castle cold. After an hour's further conversation, which was most pleasant to me, I retired to my room and slept well, dreaming of my delicious hostess.

THE next few weeks passed easily enough and I was not sorry that my little affair in Vienna had forced me to rusticate for some months. The neighbours were tolerable, what I saw of them, though their talk inclined heavily to animals and crops. We had some good hunting—I am fairly proficient with a gun—a horse was put at my disposal, the water in the lake was still warm enough for an occasional swim and I even took several walks. Stephanie sometimes accompanied me, sometimes drove out to meet me, and often we went by car together into the mountains or to the nearest town. In the evenings we would listen to the wireless, play cards, talk, and once or twice she sang at the piano for me. I was already struck by her beauty and amazed by her accomplishments; now, and I force myself to this confession which is so, so bitter for me, I knew I was in love with the woman herself.

Of this catalogue of events leading up to the horrible tragedy which chance had decided to lay on our lives, one or two incidents are interesting and show you the person who involved himself unluckily and, by my standards, degradingly in the catastrophe.

This person is Euchar, the handsome servant who made himself so much in evidence during my visit. His most unfortunate faux pas occurred about a month after my arrival.

I was madly in love with Stephanie and determined to set all to the touch sooner or later. It turned out to be sooner. Do not imagine that I had scruples with regard to Leopold; his only wife was the chemical laboratory on which he expended all his love and energy. He had even taken to dosing his own stock of animals with hormones, was trying to grow coxcombs on hens, if you please, and would wander round the castle with chemicals in one hand and poultry in the other.

So I wrote him off my conscience. After all, I said, what are cousins for but to be deceived? And what is a divine creature like Stephanie for, but to live and to love?

One evening, then, after she and I had walked ten miles and swum in the lake together at sundown, I judged my moment to have come. Dinner was done and Euchar had withdrawn, after an age of coming and going, the prying devil; the wine was hot in my veins (I may even have drunk some hormones by mistake!) and I found myself on my knees before Stephanie, pouring out a stream of love words. It was only a formality, for I fancy she, as well as I, had known it to be coming. For a while she laughingly repulsed me, then, as I seemed to sense a change in her attitude and had placed my arms round her, the door opened—I might almost say was thrown open—and Euchar stood there.

My rage and mortification were so great that I sprang up and slapped his face as I told him to begone.

For a moment I thought the wretch would return the blow. He went white, his eyes caught fire, then, looking beyond me to Stephanie, he must have seen her displeasure, for his shoulders dropped and he was gone. But my blood was up and as I lay in my bed that night, boiling with very mixed feelings, I determined to put the man in his place for the future and to protect Stephanie's position in the way that her unfortunate husband failed to do.

MY return to Vienna became due, but I decided to stay for some weeks and press my suit with Stephanie. It is always embarrassing for a woman when her own servants have intruded on an intimate moment, and I have known such interruptions as Euchar's to frost a promising affair in the very blossoming. I was determined that this should not be so in my case, and I set about to break down what resistance she feigned to have left. Meanwhile, I took what opportunities I could of showing Euchar and the other servants where their place was and even had some talk with Leopold on this subject, though I don't think he noted me.

As an instance: I once found Euchar in the library, not only reading a book, but marking a passage in it. It was a favourite Baudelaire of Stephanie's, and this gave me an excellent opportunity of making some remarks to the man and finish by handing him my mudstained riding mackintosh (I had just come in for lunch) with orders to clean it.

Meanwhile, the day came when once again I felt that my stars were propitious for using every means of persuasion with Stephanie. Leopold, of course, was in his work-room, and I gave orders that the servants should retire to their quarters for the night and not disturb us. Stephanie seemed restless as long as the footmen remained in the room, and I knew that she, too, was impatient to be alone. Euchar had evidently taken my words to heart for, before he left us, he placed cigarettes and matches on the table beside the fire, piled up the logs in the corner of the grate, lowered the chandelier lights and even poured out my glass of brandy, asking, had I all I required? "All you can give me, Euchar," I said, with a significant glance at Stephanie, at which he bowed and quickly withdrew.

(Concluded on page x)

# Engaged

Anthony

### Miss Betty Homan

*Betty Homan is engaged to Edward Shackleton, younger son of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton and the late Lady Shackleton. She is the elder daughter of the late Captain Charles E. Homan, Elder Brother of Trinity House, and Mrs. Homan, of Burley, Hants*

Lenare

### The Hon. Margaret Ward

*Viscount and Viscountess Bangor's youngest daughter announced her engagement a month ago to Captain Desmond Charles Forde, Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Major Forde, of Seaforde, Co. Down*

Bassano

### Lady Camilla Acheson

*Right: Lady Camilla Acheson is engaged to Freiherr Hans Christoph Schenck von Stauffenberg, son of Freiherr Schenck von Stauffenberg, of Wilflingen, Wurtemberg. She is the elder daughter of the Earl of Gosford and Mildred, Countess of Gosford*

Poole, Dublin

### Miss Clodagh Kennedy

*Clodagh Kennedy is to marry Lieut. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., son of the Earl and Countess of Roden. Her father, the late Edward Kennedy, was a famous Irish racehorse owner. Her mother is Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Co. Kildare*

Catherine Bell

### Mme. Eliza Davila de Peña

*Right: Mme. Eliza Davila de Peña, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1, is engaged to George Bowes Mawdsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mawdsley, of Birkdale, Lancs.*

*Albert the Good and Victoria the Great (Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle)*

# Films of the Day

## "Victoria the Great": By George Campbell

TIME, as I believe somebody has observed, brings queer changes. I once had a letter, a very indignant letter, from a spinster protesting that Mr. Herbert Wilcox, in his well-known film about the king and the orange girl, had "vulgarised and ruined by his bathroom scene a delicate and fragrant romance." I feel the phrase would have appealed to both Charles and witty Nell, assuming that Nell had stopped being witty about her illegitimate brats long enough to take it in.

Now time has done its conjuring trick again in the case of Queen Victoria. Not, of course, that her romance with the virtuous Albert needed disinfecting. Quite the contrary. From the box-office point of view, what it needed was a dash of passion, a suggestion of conflict, a little touch of humour. Twenty years ago all this would have savoured of irreverence: even ten years ago it would hardly have seemed worth while. The old Queen was good, and her husband was good, and the Empire grew another million square miles or so, and a lot of manufacturers did pretty well by it. But a film? About an age as stodgy as its heavy, vulgar, misbegotten furniture? It is easy to be wise now, but most of us would have hesitated to put our shirt on any such production until a book and a play proved that there was, in the late Lytton Strachey's characteristic phrase, gold in them thar hills.

I WON'T bore you with statistics about *Victoria the Great*—how Mr. Wilcox had run through his bank-roll, which seems to be lucky for him, seeing that the same thing happened with *Nell Gwynn*; how the cast worked for nothing and Miss Neagle drew out her life savings; and how Mr. Korda—Alexandre le Magnifique, as a French critic called him the other day, less satirically than he knew—gave him all sorts of help at the studio so that the £150,000 picture could be finished. You have heard all about the triumphs in New York, Venice, Paris, and now London, and it only remains for me to add that this terrific, colossal, staggering super-epic really is pretty good.

IS Anna Neagle ideal as Victoria? I certainly can't think of anybody likely to have done better. Helen Hayes, in the Broadway production of Mr. Housman's play, is admitted even by Mr. Agate to be superb; her old Queen has a dignity and weight that a younger and lighter actress like Miss Neagle can suggest but hardly achieve. On the other hand, Miss Hayes, no beauty at best and on the wrong side of forty, could hardly attempt the young Queen in love before a candid camera. These early scenes are played by Miss Neagle with rare charm and directed by Mr. Wilcox with a discreet humour that does more than anything else to bring the tale to life.

It is only fair to add that both are immensely indebted to Anton Walbrook for his brilliant performance as Prince Albert. What sort of a fellow was the Prince? I had always pictured him as able, but a bit of a stick. Mr. Walbrook succeeds in combining the traditionally earnest student and adviser with the romantic lover of fiction—which, for all I know, and judging by the standards of his time, he very possibly was. Miss Neagle, pretty, gracious and human, makes the Queen a nice little body with whom any normal young man would feel happy over dinner. Mr. Walbrook is *en prince* all the time and yet avoids being pompous. Quite a feat.

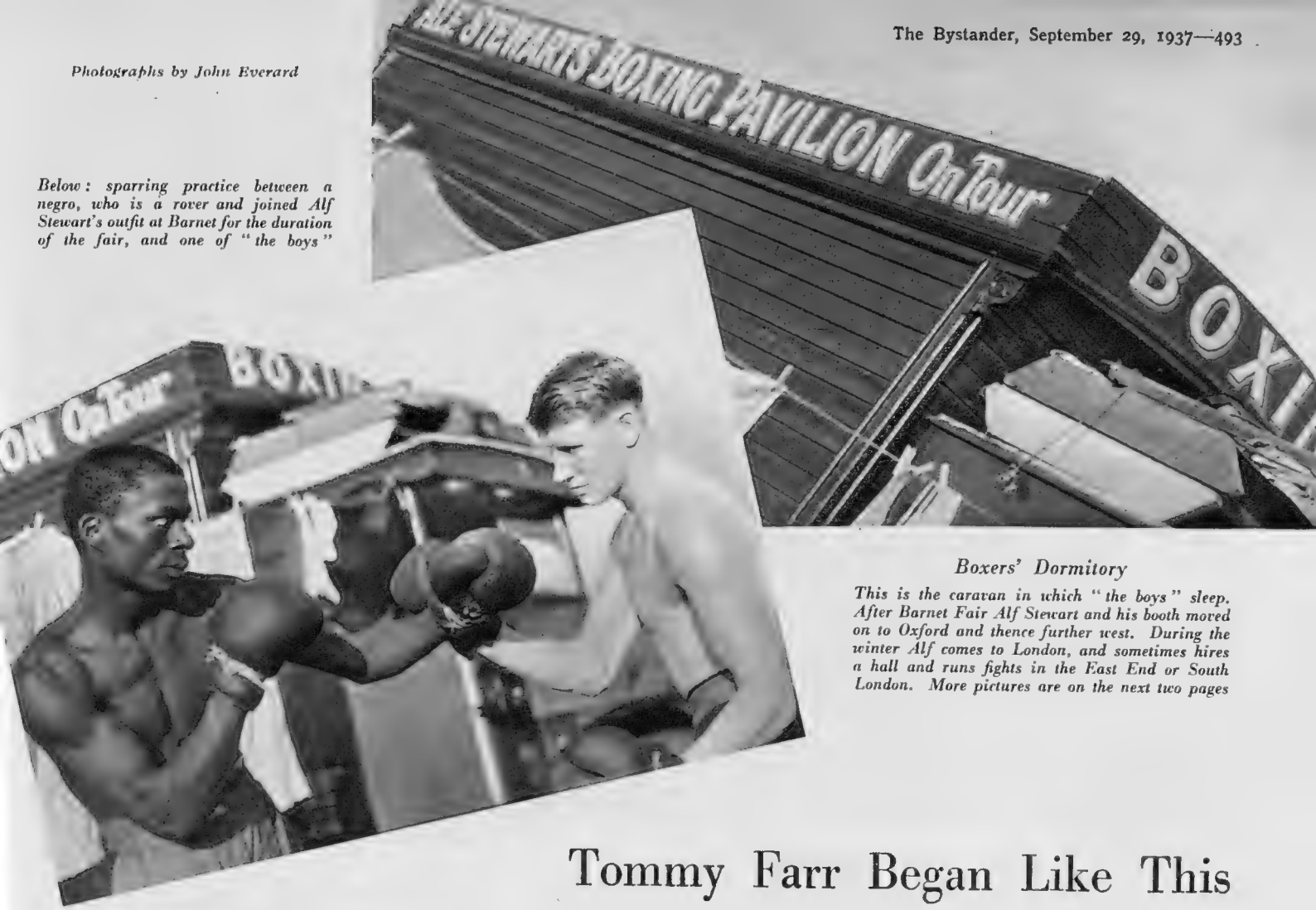
I SEEM to remember that we were promised a pageant of Victorian history. Gordon was to have come into it, and Kitchener, and presumably quite a bit of Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, General Booth, W. G. Grace, and other leaders of Victorian thought. The canvas proved to be too big. By the time the love-story has been told, there is room for only a glimpse of Palmerston doing his best to start a fracas with America over the right of search, Dizzy making a flowery speech, Gladstone lecturing the mourning Queen on her duties to her people, and Dilke and Chamberlain prophesying a republic without regret. But it is enough. *Victoria the Great* is a credit to the British screen—well written, colourful (and I 'm not thinking of the rather deplorable scene in technicolour), well directed, and on the whole extremely well acted. Patriotism apart, it 's jolly good entertainment.

LET me also recommend *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* and *Café Metropole*. In *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* Sacha Guitry combines the rôles of writer, compère who tells the whole story as a non-stop commentary on the silent action, and star. An ambitious effort, but he pulls it off triumphantly—or would, if the end weren't a bit of an anti-climax. The writing sparkles, the direction is extremely witty, and M. Guitry's performance nonchalantly brilliant throughout.

*Café Metropole*, about the young American in Paris forced by circumstances to pose as a Russian prince for the benefit of a rich American girl, has one of those opulent settings that cry out for cheap music. It is saved by some ingenious twists, Edward Griffiths' neat direction, and some admirable comedy by Adolphe Menjou and Gregory Ratoff. Tyrone Power and Loretta Young supply romance.

*Photographs by John Everard*

*Below: sparring practice between a negro, who is a rover and joined Alf Stewart's outfit at Barnet for the duration of the fair, and one of "the boys"*




*Boxers' Dormitory*

*This is the caravan in which "the boys" sleep. After Barnet Fair Alf Stewart and his booth moved on to Oxford and thence further west. During the winter Alf comes to London, and sometimes hires a hall and runs fights in the East End or South London. More pictures are on the next two pages*

# Tommy Farr Began Like This

## Alfred Stewart's Boxing Pavilion Takes Barnet Fair on Its Tour

*Below: some of "the boys," Alf Stewart's team of boxers. One of his former protégés, George James, of Cardiff, won £2000 prize money at Wembley. Just like this Tommy Farr began his career; his booth belonged to Joe Guest, of Wales, a cousin of Alf Stewart's*

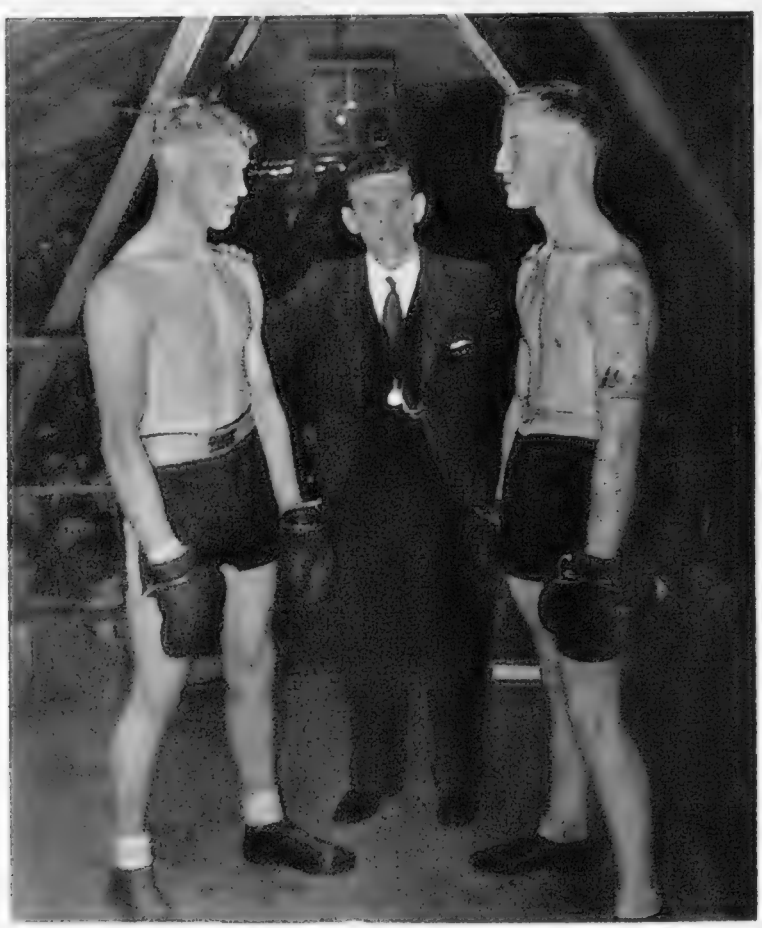
# Tommy Farr Began Like This : continued

*Alf Stewart Himself and His Youngest*

*Alf Stewart has six daughters, and this bit of mischief is Mary, the youngest. He has a long line of ancestors in the show business, believes passionately in the tradition of good, clean fighting and good, clean fun, and doesn't approve of modern strip-tease on a fair-ground because it breaks the tradition*

*Alf's Eldest*

*Amy Stewart, eldest of Alf's six, is a very attractive girl. She takes your sixpence as you go in*



*Introducing the fighters, one of "the boys" and the tattooed challenger*

*Ringside Seats—t*

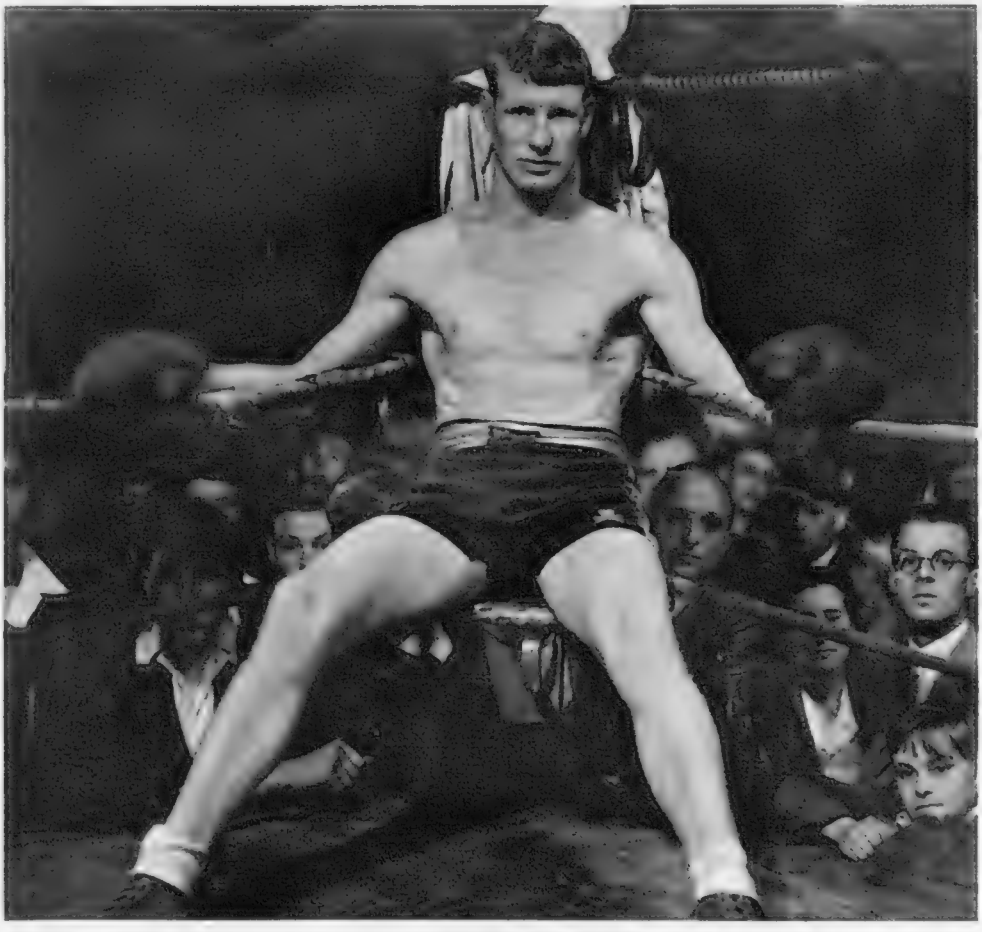
*The Barker*

*Actually it's one of "the boys," very up-to-date with his microphone. All "the boys" take a hand with whatever jobs come along, pitching the tent, telling the crowd, and so on, with Alf as showman-in-chief*

*Announcing the Contest*

*The challenger is announced as he steps into the ring. He gets £5 if he's still on his feet after ten rounds: this one wasn't*

*xpectant Audience*



*Seconds Out of the Ring*

# St. Enodoc; Also Burhill

## By Eleanor E. Helme

*The winners and runners-up of the Central England Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa this year were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bloomer, of Grimsby, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bowman, of Seacroft*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MAY I be allowed to say that I wish this article at the bottom of the sea—that bright blue sea with the long, white Atlantic rollers which is thundering away outside the window at this minute. Why must I sit here and write you about it, instead of going out to bask in one of those Cornish coves that surround us here, or even to play round St. Enodoc?

Truly St. Enodoc is an enchanting spot, to which everybody pays compliment by comparing it to their favourite course of the seaside variety. It is like Royal County Down, like Burnham, like Deal, like Saunton; and one might even add Machrihanish and Malahide Island—in fact, like every seaside course which gives one the greatest pleasure in the world at the same time as one of the best tests. No doubt there will be grumblers who find the lies and, still more, the stances lucky, some of the drives blind, the greens small for a windswept links. My own feeling is that there are far too many pampered golfers whose one idea is a flat stance and a teed-up ball, who have no idea what the term "seaside golf" means. The adaptable, courageous golfer will revel in this course, and, what is more, win over it, for it has all the ingredients of the great links; also one which so many lack—any number of sea views, which explains why we shall all enjoy ourselves. And if anybody wants better than Cornish sea on a still and brilliantly sunny day such as this, they are surely hard to please.

It is a bad draw, with the best bound to meet each other too soon, and soft corners for indifferent performers, but the right champion ought to come out of it all, and that is the main thing.

EVERYBODY enjoyed themselves at Burhill for the Mothers and Sons and Fathers and Daughters open scratch tournament. A real, unqualified success this was, especially for the latter kind of combination, since the Mothers and Sons were all routed by the end of the second round. It is, when you come to think of it, a little difficult for any son to grow up to first-class rank while his mother is still young enough to be included therein; daughters, maturing quicker, and fathers, ageing slower, are therefore at a distinct advantage, which they were not backward in seizing. Next year all sorts of fresh, famous families are said to be coming—Vaglianos and Inglises, to mention only two. Greenlees and Latham Hall sons will be a year older (to-day's "obviousity"!), so we may see what the sons can do about these overpowering daughters, and there is no saying what the event may not grow to.

GIRLS' Championship competitors had good reason to be proud of Sheila Stroyan winning, and if her father did more of the good work, and she rather less, than was the case when they won at Pulborough last year, or were semi-finalists there this, she certainly played her part too, if only by inspiring him to his best shots by her worst. That, after all, often seems the way with a really good partnership; the bad shot precedes a good one, instead of following it, to the vast fostering of confidence and gratitude.

And to be frank, Sheila did play some pretty bad ones, seeming to be completely overgolfed, if one judges by the irrefutable token of missing the simple shot but playing the difficult ones perfectly. When her father supplied her with something to tickle the jaded golfing appetite, then the good shot was forthcoming again.

They had very interesting opponents for their first match—Mrs. R. L. Kennion, who won the Ladies' Open Championship at Burnham in 1906 (the first married woman to do such a thing), and her incredibly tall son; then one of the numberless couples with the name "Beard" in it, this being Mrs. John and her father, Mr. S. A. Harding, a Senior stalwart. Then came the Norris daughter-and-father pair, and in the final the Mackenzies, a Knole Park couple, who earned a lot of praise for their fine short game. It was a good final, but the Stroyans always had a little bit extra in hand, and deserved their win.

TALKING of good fights, there was that twenty-second-hole one, in which Major Guy Bennett and Mrs. Lucas (not the daughter he played with at Pulborough) struggled home from Mr. Beard and Mrs. Hickman, who had only won at the nineteenth the round before from Mrs. Latham Hall and her son John, the youngest and smallest competitor, but by no means the least promising.

Another good son is undoubtedly Geoffrey Greenlees, with a swing very much like his mother's. They were unlucky to lose at the twentieth to the Norrises, father and daughter, the nineteenth-hole stymie being particularly cruel.

The sea is going grey now and the wind beginning to blow. Heaven help us if we get a gale!

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

*Sheila Stroyan and her father, Captain John Stroyan, won the Fathers and Daughters, Mothers and Sons foursomes at Burhill. With them is Alan Stroyan, who plays with Captain Stroyan in the Fathers and Sons Championship and is a very promising golfer. He is just going to Eton*

*Major Guy Bennett and Mrs. Ian Lucas were semi-finalists at Burhill, being beaten 4 and 3 by the runners-up, T. R. S. Mackenzie and his daughter*

1.23a

Stranded—
miles from anywhere—
and
the 'works'
to you
are
a complete mystery . .

on such occasions
a cigarette
is
a
tremendously comforting
companion . . .

as you wait
for
some
helpful male
to come
to your aid.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

# Howard Marshall on Sport

*The Rugger Season Starts at Richmond*

*Dr. G. S. Sturtridge (Northampton three-quarter) was taking the pass, with W. A. H. Chapman (Richmond three-quarter) just ready to fall on him from behind. This excellent fast game ended in a draw, with sixteen points to each side*

*Diamond Jubilee Rugger in Devon*

*Above: the Devon County Union celebrated its diamond jubilee with a match between a Devon XV. and W. W. Wakefield's XV., who won by 11 to 5. Wakefield was unable to play as he was seriously ill. In the picture are C. G. Lovesey (first played for Devon in 1883), P. Cranmer, who captained the visitors, F. G. Towill and E. Carter, who first played for Devon in 1887 and 1884*

*Right: Anita Lizana collapsed after her victory over Jadwiga Jedrzejowska in the U.S.A. Championships at Forest Hills. Further right: Donald Budge had just beaten Gottfried von Cramm in the U.S.A. Men's Singles, and the German was trying to find something to say into the "mike"*

*Aftermaths — Victory and Defeat*

I FIND that watching Rugby football at the beginning of the season is a little tantalising. There is so much to see, and the eye of the observer has lost its cunning. Perhaps I am abnormally dull-witted, but the first few games of the winter leave me with pleasant but regrettably blurred impressions.

I am more interested in the general scene than the technical or theoretical details. The sight of forwards scrummaging or half-backs running, the savage smash of a despairing tackle, the galloping thunder of a foot rush—these are pleasures enough. I cannot pause to sort out cause and effect. Only the major strategical triumphs or failures intrude themselves on my wandering thoughts.

So I must rate myself an indifferent critic. I watched a match at Richmond the other day, and came away, let me confess, hardly knowing who had scored. There were queer little marks in my notebook, it is true, which subsequently emerged as facts, but all that mattered then was the rebirth of this greatest of games.

IT is dangerous, in this arid age of ours, to be sentimental about anything, but Rugby football has a disturbing effect on my emotions. I should at this moment be discussing personalities and tactical tendencies, or frowning over the alleged decay of ethics on the field, but I can only snuff the scent of battle and be thankful.

It would seem, nevertheless, that the simplified laws are helping both referees and players. Mr. C. H. Gadney was refereeing the Richmond match with his usual incisive efficiency, and there was singularly little trouble in and around the scrummage. The game will settle down right enough, and I for one am prepared to enjoy myself in the coming months without fear of acrimonious disputes.

I do not wish to imply that we may happily stick our heads in the sand and ignore the dangers which threaten Rugby football, dangers which menace every major sport in these days of commercialism.

(*Concluded on page x*)

# This England . . .

*(Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire)*

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## The Worplesdon Draw

*The winners of the Calcutta Cup tournament at St. Andrews were Dr. H. Gardiner Hill and A. R. Aitken. They beat Sir Robert McLean and Lieut.-Col. A. F. Barry by 4 and 3*

WHEN the draw for the Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes is made, you know that the important golf of the year for amateurs, both women and men, is about to end, and, naturally, that the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes are about to begin. They are, in my opinion—which is shared by many—the best, the most enjoyable, and the most interesting golfing event of the year. They are played seriously, but, thank goodness, not too seriously, and the weeping after defeat lasts a very short time.

If I had to attend only one golf tournament during the year and I was allowed to select which one it should be, I would, without a moment's hesitation, decide on the Worplesdon Foursomes. Even before a ball is in play, it is most interesting to study the draw and see who has been jilted by whom, and who are going to be faithful for at least one more year to each other.

The first thing nearly everyone used to ask was: "Who is going to play with Miss Wethered this year?" Miss Wethered will play no more, but Lady Heathcoat-Amory will this year be partnered by her husband, who will have the unenviable task of having to try to play as well as her brother, Tolley, Morrison, Scott, Oppenheimer, Darwin and Coke have done to assist their partner to victory.

MISS HELME and many other writers on the game of golf apparently hold the opinion that, whatever she may do elsewhere, woman at Worplesdon can do no wrong. This view is not strictly correct, as no one can win a foursome off her or his own bat, and it also takes two to lose a foursome, although you would not think so if you listened to some players' accounts of their defeats and of their partner's errors.

At Worplesdon you get nearly every combination of partnership. Some prefer a good-looking partner, some prefer a good player, and some prefer both; mothers play with their sons, fathers play with their daughters, husbands even play with their wives, and some play with those who they hope will be their wives.

As a matrimonial market, the Worplesdon Foursomes have not been a great success, and this is about their only failure; but to my knowledge they have been largely responsible for at least one marriage, and this pair are still playing regularly, and I am glad to relate that Worplesdon still seems to have happy memories for them. The writing was clear on the wall when the male half of the partnership let slip, "Bad luck, darling!" to a girl he did not know very well. In those days, "darling" meant "darling," and not "old chap," as it so often does to the modern girl.

AMONG the "divorces" this year is that of Miss Nancy Halsted and Carr Selway. When Miss Halsted first appeared at Worplesdon, with all the glamour of her bronze medal which she had just won at Westward Ho!, she and Carr Selway did very well; since then, the results of their matches—and perhaps their luck—have got more and more unsatisfactory, and I presume that this is the reason why they have parted; but, of course, it may be that now the lady is engaged, her fiancé prefers her to play with a respectable married man to an eligible, good-looking young bachelor.

Alas! the at-one-time-many faithful pairs, like Miss Joy Winn and V. C. H. Longstaffe, are gradually disappearing, although we still have the Fishes and Mrs. John Fleming and Gerald Russell.

BESIDES the Heathcoat-Amorys and the Fishes, the other married partnerships are the Kennedys, the McNairs, the Bloomers, and the Eddisses. Geoffrey Illingworth has very kindly released Lady Eddis, and thus allowed her to play with her husband, which I must say is, in schoolboy language, jolly decent of him. Mrs. Bloomer, who has just pulled her better half and worse string through the Central England Open Mixed Foursomes, is now shooting at bigger game.

The Lady Champion is giving Captain Geoffrey Hawkins another chance; after her victory at Turnberry, Captain Hawkins offered to release her, and suggested that now she was a famous golfer she should get a better partner. Captain Hawkins cannot be a keen student of ladies' form—at least on the golf-course—or he would have known that last year he was playing with the Lady Champion of New Zealand and the saviour of Great Britain in the last Curtis Cup match, performances which surely entitle a golfer to be considered famous. Miss Anderson, however, most graciously and, in my opinion, most wisely, refused flatly to be released and thrown to a tiger.

MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP has been deserted by her brother, but she has the satisfaction of knowing that he has not left her for another, as he is not playing this year. She will have as partner her cousin, Kenneth Scott, the Oxford captain, and they are sure to make a most formidable combination, and will require a tremendous amount of beating; but experience tells more at Worplesdon than at the majority of other places, and Scott, although a very good golfer, cannot be called a very experienced one, and I doubt if his partner can supply the experience for them both, although she is just about the best lady foursome player.

Mrs. "One-Putt" Percy is playing with her son, and W. A. Powell and Captain J. R. A. Stroyan are playing with their daughters; other strong pairs are Miss Diana Fishwick, who must not wear green this year, and Brigadier-General Critchley; Miss Wanda Morgan and K. A. S. Morrice; Mrs. Rhodes and A. T. Kyle, from Yorkshire; Mrs. P. Garon and E. F. Storey; Mlle. Tollon and Frank Pennink; Miss Wilkins and C. J. Anderson, last year's defeated finalists; Miss Enid Wilson and the great local-knowledge expert, Commander J. R. Johnstone; Mrs. Heppel and Leonard Crawley; Mrs. J. B. Beck and T. A. Bourn; Miss Phyllis Wade and the ex-Army Champion, M. R. Gardner; and Miss Molly Gourlay and the present Army Champion, A. A. Duncan.

So you see that the winners, whoever they may be, will have a hard row to hoe, and when the last putt has been holed or missed, will, to change the metaphor from gardening to jousting, have thoroughly won their spurs.

*Princess Helena Victoria was playing a round over the Old Course at St. Andrews. With her are the Master of Kinnaird (left) and his father, Lord Kinnaird*

# Golf Clubs at Home: Great Orme, Llandudno

*The Club-house and Hotel Stand 679 Feet Above the Sea*

The club was formed in 1902 by Mr. Harry Parker who was honorary secretary until 1918, and the course was laid out by the late John Morris, the well-known Hoylake professional. Four holes were re-modelled in 1920, and since then several new greens have been made. The course is a fine one on wonderful turf, but finer still are its position and its views, over miles of sea in one direction and to the mountains of the Snowdon range in the other

*Harry Sutcliffe (secretary)*

*Bertram H. Morgan (ex-captain)*

*R. Walker (ex-captain)*

*G. W. Thorndill (committee)*

*W. H. Lester (captain)*

*H. Dunn*

*J. G. Willey*

*Left: T. McDonald (proprietor), T. N. Jackson, W. R. Stockton (professional)*

*A. E. Evans and H. Meredith*

*E. C. Agg (longest membership)*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## The Shape of Tales to Come : By Alan Thomas

MR. H. G. WELLS describes his new novel, *Brynhild* (Methuen ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), as "a presentation of imaginative indications," resembling the decorations on a Maori beam or pillar which "may be expanded by an understanding imagination into the most complete and interesting of patterns." Which, in the case of a less eminent writer than Mr. Wells, might easily be interpreted as meaning that the author had started on a novel, got tired of it, and so put in an *envoi* saying how the story would have worked out if he had had the time and inclination to pursue it. As it is, we must bow to Mr. Wells' phrase, remarking, however, that complete patterns afford a greater sense of unity than imaginative indications. This novel, for the purposes of review, may be divided into three parts, telling the story respectively of Brynhild's husband, Rowland Palace ; of Brynhild herself ; and of that strange, semi-fictitious master of fiction, Mr. Alfred Bunter. By far the most amusing part is the first, describing the efforts that the well-known, but evidently not sufficiently well-known, author, Mr. Palace, makes to expand his reputation. To help on the good work, he enlists the services of an ineffable specialist in réclame named Immanuel Cloote, and between them they explore every nook and cranny as well as the canyons of publicity. All this is great fun, and though it has been done before it has never been carried off in happier or more ironic vein. The section of the book in which Brynhild meditates on the lot of woman supports a good many theories on the nature and function of the female species, and in supporting them manages also to hold up the story. Lastly, there is Alfred Bunter, whose odd tale I will leave you to discover. *Brynhild* reflects much of that absorbing phenomenon, the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells ; but notes for a novel is a truer description of it than to say that it is a novel in itself.

MR. ARNOLD L. HASKELL has been to the Antipodes. His motive in going was partly to escape for a time from the little world of the ballet (though not from the ballet itself, for he travelled with Colonel de Basil's new company as far as Australia and spent some of his time with the ballet in America). The result is a full-size book of impressions, a "travel diary of a strictly non-political animal who travelled as a critic of art and not of politics," entitled *Dancing Round the World* (Gollancz ; 18*s.*). So far from finding Australia a land of savages and Philistines, he discovered there "friendship and faith in friendship, belief in an ordered world of construction and intellectual peace of mind . . . a rare state of complete inner contentment and harmony." In fact, he loved the place ; and it was only when he got back to Europe that he was conscious of entering a lunatic asylum. "When I saw Southampton I thought of Sydney Harbour with a mad longing that was nearly panic."

In the second part of the book Mr. Haskell discusses the Russian and the English Ballets, introducing a refreshing note of criticism of the former and, by way of *amende honorable*, handing out a handsome tribute to the latter. Incidentally, he makes a point that I have not seen touched upon before when he talks of the alterations in the conditions of ballet work that may be brought about by television. *Dancing Round the World* is a book of more than balletomaniacal appeal : the general reader will find much in it of interest, instruction and amusement.

*Robert Hichens*

*Mr. Hichens was in Switzerland when he was photographed, spending part of his summer holiday at St. Moritz. He has a charming house near Cairo where he mostly lives. He has just finished a new novel called "The Lottery Ticket"*

IN the year 1851 a syndicate of wealthy Americans sailed their schooner across the Atlantic to race in the festival of yachting that had been planned in celebration of the Great Exhibition. The schooner did well. She beat a fleet of English yachts and won a "cup valued at one hundred guineas," which had been presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron. The schooner's name was America, and the cup that she won still remains where it was deposited in 1857—in the trophy-room of the New York Yacht Club. Sixteen attempts have been made to win it—fourteen by Great Britain and two by Canada—and vast sums of money have been spent in building and equipping yachts to race for it. But the cup still remains where it is. The full and detailed history of these contests has now been published in an attractive volume entitled *Racing for the America's Cup*, by Lieut.-Com. P. K. Kemp, R.N. (Hutchinson ; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is sad that the earlier part of the story was marred by so many differences of opinion, charges, counter-charges, and hard words. But with Sir Thomas Lipton's advent into the field the bickering stopped, and though in 1934 there was a renewal of bad feeling, it was dissipated the following year—with the results we all know. The book brings the story right up to date, and is well illustrated.

A VOLUME that will appeal to sportsmen and countryfolk generally is Mr. J. Wentworth Day's *Sporting Adventure*, with thirteen photogravure plates, and fifty line drawings by "Fish-Hawk" (Harrap ; 12*s.* 6*d.*). Its author has clearly not only a genuine feeling for the sports of the field, "the sight and smell of the wet and lonely miles of the sea and the immense peace of moors and hills," but also a rare gift for writing about them. In his book he takes the reader through the months of the year from January to December on innumerable sporting expeditions, pausing often for reminiscence or description. The sports he is familiar with range from badger-hunting to harpooning sharks ; and his knowledge of birds and their ways is as curious as it is extensive. The book has been beautifully illustrated by "Fish-Hawk," whose work is too little known.

I WARMLY recommend Miss Helen Simpson's *Under Capricorn* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is an authentic period piece with a novel setting—Sydney in 1861. The core of the book is the amazing Flusky household. Its master is an ex-convict now risen to wealth ; its mistress an Irish aristocrat who married Flusky when he was her groom, and followed him to Australia after he had been convicted of a murder she had committed. In spite of her affection for her husband, she takes to drink and goes to pieces until a charming young man from England takes her in hand and tries to reform her. I thought the ending rather too like a fairy-tale to be convincing. Miss Simpson's descriptions of the Flusky ménage, staffed by convicts guilty of the most horrible crimes, is masterly. The book is stuffed with wit, learning and good writing.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The days when sealskin coats were handed down from one generation to another are long past, and furs to-day are regarded as a necessary luxury. Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street, have recently opened a special salon for fashionable furs at moderate prices within the means of every woman, including the debutante with a limited dress allowance. There is a vast choice of full and three-quarter-length coats, also short capes for warmer days. A delightfully jaunty coat in grey Indian lamb of the finest quality is seen above for twenty-three guineas. It is cut with broad shoulders and a distinct flare which is accentuated by the fitted waistline. The collar may be worn up or down, while the broad, high revers are characteristic of this season's silhouette. For sports and country wear, Fenwick's are showing a beautifully tailored three-quarter length coat in brown ponyskin for twenty-nine guineas. It is belted and trimmed with a becoming collar in brown Indian lamb. A similar model in ocelot with a beaver collar costs fifty-nine guineas. The greatest bargain of all, however, is a real mink coat for thirty-nine guineas which sounds too good to be true. It is cut on slender lines with diagonally worked skins and a Peter Pan collar

# Subtle Simplicity

Bright colours and extravagant fur trimmings distinguish the new suits, which vary enormously in cut. While many are severely tailored, with short, close-fitting jackets covered with pockets and buttons, others assume a very carefree air and swing jauntily from the shoulders. Fitted tunic coats, flaring gently round the hem, are shown with a tight skirt, and one model in brown face cloth has a collar and floating panels of ocelot fur running down either side of the front, the panels rolling back to form a muff. A simple house suit in fine wool is seen on the left from the sportswear and jersey shop at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The jacket is cut away with rounded corners, and the skirt has pleats back and front. It is available in a lovely shade of parma violet, also raspberry with a contrasting chiffon cravat, and costs seven guineas

A woolly frock is a smart alternative to a tailored suit, and ideal for wearing under a fur coat. The model seated on the right is wearing a charming knitted dress which suggests angora, cut on slender lines and trimmed with rows of pin-tucks round the neck. It costs six guineas and may be seen in several colours at Harvey Nichols. Black is as fashionable as ever for day frocks, trimmed with sequin collars and cuffs or touches of gold kid. Detachable shawl collars with scarf ends extending as far as the knees, and edged all round with Persian lamb, may be added for street wear as a change from a fur stole or cape, while belts are very conspicuous and much broader than last season. Many are wide in front and narrower across the back, like those worn by the Swiss peasants. They are often in felt with wool embroidery or suède studded with steel knobs

*Scott Bushe*

# The Bystander Twins in search of novelties

discovered by Peta

pictured by Jean

*A butterfly poised amid soft curls is a charming idea for a debutante. The one sketched is attached to a pin and may also be worn as a dress clip. It is set with diamond paste, and costs 19s. 6d. at Woollands, Knightsbridge*

*A daring frock with which to make a spectacular entry into a ball-room. Baroque uses black velvet, diamanté and monkey fur for the model on the right, and adds an amusing concertina muff to complete the effect*

*Gardenias in rich profusion are scattered over the sleeves and muff of the graceful bridesmaid frock sketched below. It is designed by Baroque and made in parchment velvet, closely swathed over the hips*

*Many lovely handbags may be seen at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, including the model below in Ming blue satin. It is hand-painted with brilliant iridescent colours which sparkle like fire opals or small sequins*

*Baroque adds a black lace mantilla to his velvet crinoline, and attaches it to an ermine belt so that it can be worn as a cape if preferred. In the sketch seen above it is thrown over the hair, covering the arms and shoulders*

*Another beautiful bag from Debenham and Freebody is made in gold and silver brocade, printed with scenes from a fashionable night-club. Couples painted in pastel colours are seen dancing on a crowded floor, surrounded by tables, and the gilt frame is studded with rainbow flowers*

# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

*The International 500-Mile Race at Brooklands*

*John Cobb had just won with the high average speed of 127·05 miles an hour, having driven a magnificent race. Co-driver of his Napier-Railton was Oliver Bertram*

It is extraordinary how the everyday rudiments of business seem to elude the promoters of motor-racing events. In theatrical circles it is recognised that when the public has been attracted to the theatre it is entitled to its money's-worth, and so if, for some reason or another, one star cannot appear, then an alternative star is substituted and announcements to that effect are posted up *outside* each entrance.

I do not suggest that it is possible to imitate this procedure in promoting a motor race, but I do assert most emphatically that reasonable steps are not taken to minimise the risk of disappointing and so antagonising the motor-racing public. Time after time during the past few months Continental "cracks" have been announced as entries for various events, and with monotonous regularity apologies for their absence on the day of the race have been made to the spectators over loud-speakers *after they have paid their entrance-money.*

The motor-race promoters are no less disturbed by these disappointments than their patrons, for their preliminary announcements were made in all good faith, and they recognise how damaging to the sport it is to have instances occur such as the French Delahayes provided by failing to fulfil their engagements on three successive Saturdays—first at Donington in the T.T., then at Shelsley Walsh, and finally at Brooklands in the B.R.D.C. "500." Frankly, I have very little sympathy with the promoters.

I think we must face up to facts and admit that it is the custom if not to pay appearance-money at least to waive the trifling matter of entry-fees in the case of foreign entries capable of attracting a "gate." Therein, I fancy, lies the danger. If a team knows that by not putting in an appearance it is losing precisely nothing, the urge to fulfil its obligation is not (evidently!) strong enough to bring it here if an alternative event nearer home with, probably, higher prize-money, happens to be in the lists on the same day. But surely this state of affairs could be to some extent remedied by making the entrant pay his entry-fee whoever he may be, returning it to him only if he completes one lap or more.

It may be argued that if this method were adopted the foreign entries would never be obtained at all. My answer to that is just this: better to retain the goodwill of your patrons than to announce the nominations of foreign entries which can only be regarded as spurious—at least, that is my way of regarding the business of motoring sport.

I do not want these remarks to be taken as applying to next Saturday's great race at Donington, for this time the foreigners really *are* coming. And what an entry! This should be far and away the finest race ever seen in this country. Let's hope the weather does justice to it.

But do not get led away by the fact that Fred Craner has actually succeeded in getting this wonderful entry for the Grand Prix. He is lucky, for inasmuch as the Grand Prix formula for 1938-1940 necessitates the scrapping of the existing G.P. cars, the Donington race, coming as it does right at the end of the season, provides the last possible opportunity for the running of them, and in view of the proximity of this race to the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, the London Mercédès-Benz people prevailed upon the works to send them over, which, in turn, brought their rivals, the Auto-Unions—a chain of circumstances which, I very much fear, may never recur.

*Mrs. G. M. Hawkes was the only woman competitor left in the "500" race after Mrs. Petre crashed the day before. She and her co-driver, R. L. Duller, drove a Dusenberg*

As long ago as the beginning of last June I gave the first hint in the BYSTANDER of the possible construction of a super racing circuit on the outskirts of Scarborough. It now appears, from information which I have lately received, that this possibility has become a probability, and many interesting details of the proposed circuit are forthcoming.

In the first place, it should be made clear that as and when this course materialises, it will not really be competitive with any existing course in this country, for its length is to be more than three times that of Donington, its nearest prototype. The Scarborough circuit will resemble the Nurburg Ring more nearly than any other, and the German fifteen-miles-long course is universally regarded as the finest closed circuit in the world.

The Scarborough Corporation is behind the scheme to promote the new course, and it proposes to utilise for the purpose a tract of moor about two miles west of the town, at a point some 500 feet above sea-level, situated in particularly picturesque surroundings. The Scarborough Town Council are to debate the project in the very near future, and it is proposed to put a Bill through Parliament for the compulsory purchase of the requisite land.

The Royal Automobile Club, the Auto-Cycle Union, the Scarborough and District Motor Club, and the Scarborough Borough Engineer have had a number of conferences as a result of which very definite plans have been drawn up for the construction of the circuit which, it is estimated, will cost in the region of £150,000 to build. Each lap, measuring 9½ miles round, will include fifteen corners of varying severity and a 1 in 6 descent and ascent. The start and finish line, grand-stand, pits and paddock will be grouped at that point on the circuit nearest to Scarborough, but the course will be conveniently accessible also from such towns as York, Whitby, Filey and Pickering.

I am informed that if no unexpected hitch occurs to delay development of the venture, the Scarborough circuit should be ready for racing over by the early spring of 1939, and if this is so, I personally shall expect to see the motor-cycle and car Tourist Trophy races run there that year, for the new course will be absolutely ideal for the purpose and for a race of the Le Mans twenty-four hours' type. Such a project would benefit to an immeasurable degree the immediate neighbourhood in which it was situated and would do much to reduce local unemployment.

Certainly a long road course of this nature is urgently needed in this country with long straights whereon modern Grand Prix cars may be extended, and I believe that the day the first sod of the Scarborough circuit is cut will see the dawn of a new era in the popularisation of motor-racing in England.

# Time and the Wolseleys

AS WITH your favourite wooden club, so with your Wolseley. First you find you drive better and then, in the end, you feel you couldn't bear to part with it. You come to depend on its unfailing efficiency. Its comfort grows on you. Even the seats (designed with anatomical correctness) become part of you. Fortunately it is a car you can afford to keep "a little longer". Time is on your side. For no car has a better exchange value than a Wolseley. And looked at that way you can be the owner of a car of real distinction — a car that's really more in your line . . .

**THE WOLSELEY RANGE**

10/40 h.p. from £235. 12/48 h.p. from £240. 14/56 h.p. Saloon £275. 14/56 h.p. Salon de Ville £325. 18/80 Saloon £295. 18/80 h.p. Salon de Ville £335. 16, 21 and 25 h.p. Super Sixes, prices from £340. 25 h.p. Salon de Ville £440. 25 h.p. Sportsman's Saloon £440. 25 h.p. Limousine £750.

**WOLSELEY**

***THE CAR WITHOUT A DOUBT***

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. *London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Limited, Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. England*

# Cheaper Private Flying

## By Charles Ward

***More Money for Clubs***

ONE of the first moves since the Air Ministry has increased the subsidy granted to clubs has been to reduce flying rates. This year's Estimate allotted £10,000 more for private flying, and therefore more clubs can come into the scheme. The maximum amount that can be earned in one year is increased to £2000, including payment at the rate of ten shillings an hour up to 20 hours per annum for flying done by members who hold licences. Such assistance will tend to lower rates everywhere. Twenty-five shillings an hour may become the average, and at this charge many more people will be encouraged to take lessons. There is no distinction as between men and women, although the underlying idea of the subsidy is to create a reserve of pilots for purposes of emergency. So many women have proved themselves the equal of men in the air that their services will, no doubt, be valuable for certain duties, should we be forced into a state of war. At the end of last year there were 7000 flying members of clubs, and more than 200 aircraft are owned solely for the purpose of teaching them to fly and of giving them as constant practice as they can afford. All aircraft are British, mostly Moths, and instructors are licensed by the Air Ministry, so that maximum safety is assured.

*Four in one. A new angle view of an Empire flying boat. Mechanics are servicing the engines at Hythe, prior to a flight to South Africa with passengers and mails*

***Private Flying***

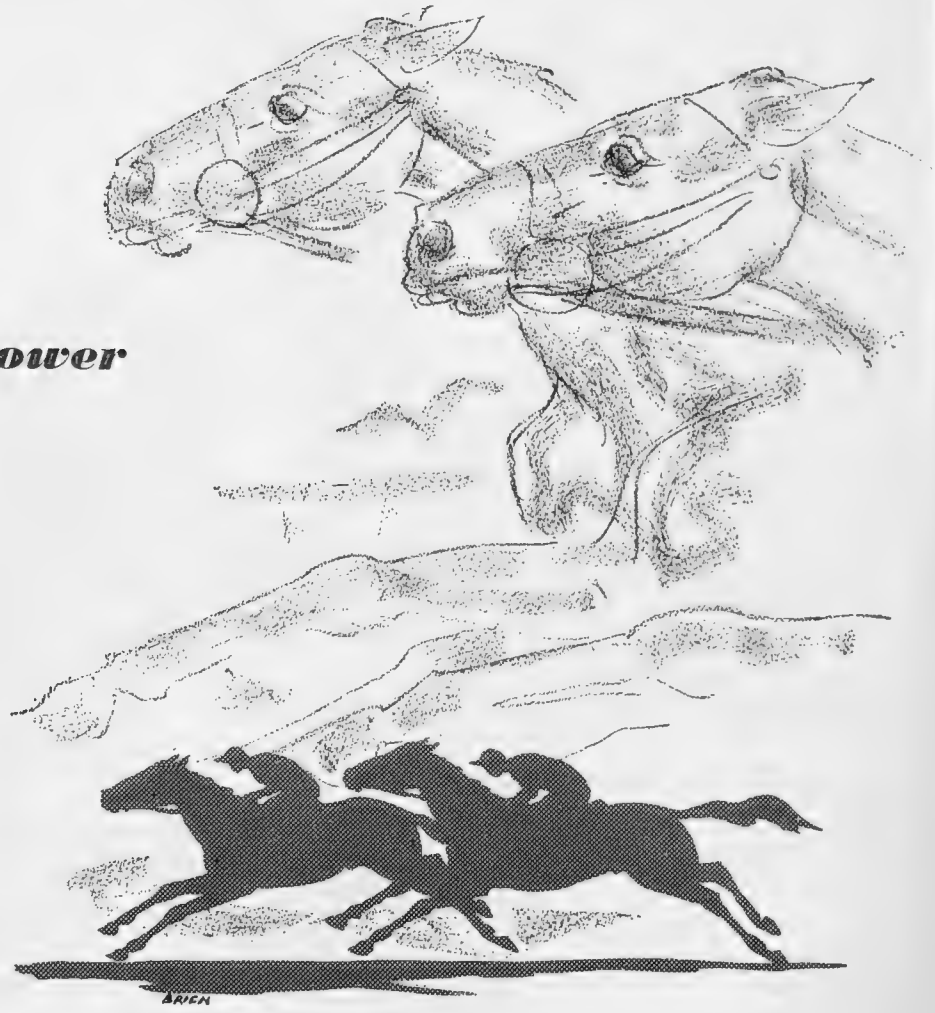
PARTLY for the reason that rates will be reduced, the clubs have experienced a welcome addition to membership at the end of the flying season. Those with leisure and patience can acquire the gentle art of pilotage just as easily during the short days as in the summer, but it does require patience. At Brooklands, Mr. Beverley Nichols has taken a trial lesson. Aviation is in need of another author who can convey the pleasures of flying to the vast number who regard it still as a dangerous proceeding, only to be indulged in in dire necessity or in moments of extreme enthusiasm. Mr. Harry Richman, who flew the Atlantic, has joined Brooklands

(*Concluded on page* viii)

**TWO** ***extra horse-power***

***with***

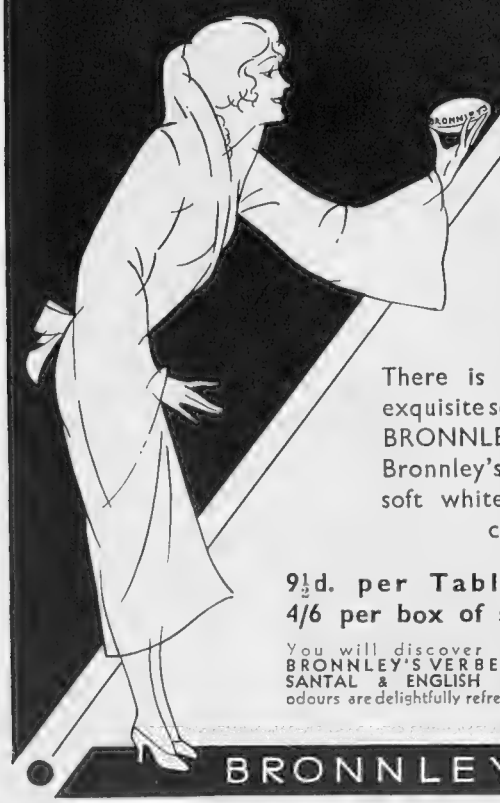
BP ETHYL



If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

**BECAUSE IT BANISHES PINKING**

# BRONNLEY'S BATH SOAP



FOR THE BATH AND TOILET

There is no finer or more exquisite soap in the world than BRONNLEY'S BATH SOAP. Bronnley's Bath Soap gives a soft white loveliness to the complexion.

**9½d. per Tablet, 4/6 per box of six.**

You will discover that BRONNLEY'S VERBENA, SANTAL & ENGLISH FERN odours are delightfully refreshing

BRONNLEY'S THE ORIGINATORS OF MILLED TOILET SOAP IN ENGLAND

BRONNLEY LONDON

# THE GAME'S UP !

Up to London by fast trains come the latest bags from the butts to Prunier's to be plu-perfectly prepared and presented to diners of discernment together with every kind of oyster and shell-fish and appropriate wines from cellars world-renowned.

**PRUNIER** RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

Telephone: REGENT 1373/4/5

# Treasure from Scotland

THE FAMOUS

**GROUSE BRAND WHISKY**

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

# Secret service!

**GIRLS WITH DEWY LIPS ARE WEARING THE NEW TATTOO!**




**4/6**

REFILLS 3/6

*Tattoo Ltd.*

It's made the beauty head-lines—the *new* Tattoo! Dewiness never never in any lipstick yet . . . dawn-dewiness . . . desirable and desirous . . . that steals looks everywhere . . . packed with heart thuds! *And* it stays on from p.m. to a.m.! No running repairs between dances . . . or anything and everything! Puckering and drying made a thing of the unhappy past! It's a Tattoo secret—Tattoo, of course! Tattoo with its glad, glamorous shades, South-Sea-island Tattoo with its undeniable indelibility . . . Tattoo now gives the new Tattoo! Dawn-dewy-lips!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

# TATTOO

*At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new, stay-on dewiness!*

"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid, impudently daring; yet soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!*

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*

"NATURAL" *is a medium shade—is a true, rich blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty.*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!*

## Cheaper Private Flying *(Continued from page vi)*

and the Midland Club, presumably to keep in practice for further long-distance ventures. Sir Ian Hamilton, one of our most senior soldiers, takes to the air when he needs to tour in Scotland. Captain W. R. Bailey, one of the founders of the Cardiff Aero Club and a leading owner-pilot in South Wales for many years, has been taking an instructor's course at Hanworth. He flew the club's Leopard to Antwerp quite recently.

### *Talking of War*

I CAN recommend to any student of air transport, of politics, or of international trade a collection of essays by Sq.-Ldr. E. J. Kingston-McCloughry, published by Cape at 10s. 6d. under the title of *Winged Warfare*. The growth of air power, both for purposes of trade and war, has introduced problems of the first magnitude for the British Empire, problems which are most imperfectly understood and whose solution is not completed. This book may sound heavy going, but in fact it is a series of fascinating chapters. There is no romance and no attempt to make the flesh of the reader move in any way. Particularly topical is the analysis of our position in the Mediterranean, written in 1934. The importance of our civil air line to the East, the necessity for the flying-boat and our position in case of war in the Mediterranean are discussed in plain English. What has become known in the R.A.F. as a "strategical offensive" is the keynote of those essays discussing war or its possibility. The bomber and the torpedo 'plane are the weapons of the future. Part of a route, yet to be developed, to South Africa via the West Coast appears in a new light—an alternative to that via Egypt, in order to preserve communications with India and the Far East. We have the central link already operating—from Nigeria and the Gold Coast, across the Southern Sahara to Khartoum. A further stage is necessary—from the Sudan to Aden and by flying-boat to India. The general conclusion after reading this book, is that we have realised the vital importance of air superiority just in time. In time for what? The Foreword by Lord Lloyd provides the answer.

*There are air services from Great Britain to all of the larger islands off our coasts. The line to the Scillies was inaugurated recently by Captain G. P. Olley, whose 'plane is seen on the island aerodrome*

### *An Air Reserve*

THE R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, which draws its recruits from those following a normal civil occupation, offers further facilities to Manchester, with flying at Barton and to London, at Fairoaks, near Woking, Gravesend, and Gatwick. Applications are invited from candidates living near any of these aerodromes. Full particulars can be obtained from the Air Ministry or the Superintendent of Reserve at Hendon Aerodrome, N.W.9.


Ladies' Day
THURSDAY, OCT. 14
The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Patrons: Their Majesties The King and Queen

31st INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.
Sir Malcolm Campbell's Speed Boat "Blue Bird."

OCT. 14-23

DAILY 10 TILL 10
ADMISSION .....2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m.....5/-
Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK, controlled by the R.A.C. adjoins the Exhibition.

New Venue

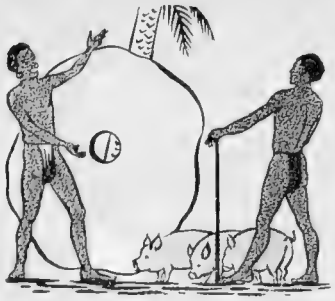
EARLS COURT
LONDON, S.W. C.D.C.

To be followed by The COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION, NOV. 4-13

*Strange*

# "COIN OF THE REALM"

## II. *by Rolling Stone*



Nowadays, I never see a "civilized" coin disappear into an automatic machine, but I think, with a smile, of the Stone Money of Yap Island, in the Carolines.

Just imagine the effect on your tailor if you settled your account by forwarding a few handy "coins" as illustrated !..!..!

Yet in Yap, these stones, ranging from twelve inches to twelve feet in diameter, are the legally constituted "Coin of the Realm."

20 inch "coin" buys a pig or 1,000 coco-nuts . . . 30 inch buys a wife . . . half a dozen twelve feet specimens in the exchequer and you're a millionaire!

Grotesque, isn't it? But that's one of the fascinations of globe-trotting — strange freak here, bizarre custom there, all serving to give you that explorer touch, add colour to the theme, when yarning at the club.

Now a fine way of making the acquaintance of foreign parts is a world cruise, and here's your opportunity. Late in December, that famous liner "Franconia" sets sail on its sunshine trail round the globe—to South America—Africa—India—the Far East—North and Central America . . .

She sails from Liverpool on December 24th, and the all-in fare is from 418 gns., one class only, including shore excursions.

Any office of Cooks will gladly give you a descriptive brochure and any further information you require.

*See the World through*

# COOKS

THOS. COOK & SON LTD., Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

Over 350 offices throughout the World.

BY APPOINTMENT

A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons, John Barkers, Bentalls of Kingston, etc.

# TENOVA

## self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424



# —FIFTH AVENUE— "Cosmetist"

TRADE MARK

The perfect Beauty Box for every woman—no larger than a cigarette case but contains complete Beauty outfit—from a comb to 'make-up.' Lovely enamel case and choice of 6 colours—Lacquer Red, Ivory, Blue, Wine, Black, Jade Green. Contents are in 3 cosmetic shades—light, medium and dark.

The Cosmetist, fashion's greatest novelty, is filled with highest quality Fifth Avenue cosmetics—Lipstick, Cleansing Cream, Foundation Cream, Powder, Rouge —also built-in mirror, comb, powder-puff.

PRICE ONLY **10/6**

*British made*

Complete re-fill at 2/9

*Obtainable from Boots, Heppells, Timothy Whites, Taylors, chemists, good hairdressers and stores. In case of difficulty write for descriptive leaflet to*

FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS, 10, CARLISLE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.



## SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, etc.

**Prices from One Guinea.**

*Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.*

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

## LOUNGE SUITS

A Lounge Suit is probably the hardest working member of the wardrobe — for which reason it needs skilled cutting and the finest workmanship if it is to retain its original smartness to the end. Durward suits are cut by experts from the finest materials and superbly tailored by real craftsmen, and can be relied upon to look stylish, feel comfortable, and give lasting wear. **From 9 to 12 gns.**

## SPORTS SUITS

Perfectly designed Sports Suits are those which contrive to look as comfortable as they feel whilst retaining a neat appearance through the rigours of hard wear in the open. These garments cut by Kenneth Durward maintain a lasting style and shape with a maximum of wearing comfort. Jacket and Plus Fours or Trousers. **From 6 gns**

## OVERCOATS

We have a large selection of Overcoats ready to wear in all sizes, colours and textures and in a variety of different designs from which all tastes can be completely satisfied. Or your coat can be custom tailored in one of the newest materials in as little as 48 hours without extra charge.

**Overcoats from 6 gns.**

# *Kenneth Durward* LTD

## 37, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

## The Visit

*(Continued from page 490)*

What happened now I can hardly bear to relate, nor can I remember in correct sequence, so horribly and rapidly did the hand of fate descend on us.

Stephanie was merry but would not sit down for long, wandered to the bookcase, asked me to play the piano, lit countless cigarettes, and altogether put off with great dexterity the moment that she knew must arrive.

And then, in this state of emotional suspense, the tragedy occurred.

I was tuning the wireless when I heard her gasp and fall, and when I lifted her in my arms I saw already the hand of death on her dear features. In such moments, our conventional feelings automatically come to the fore and Leopold, who had been such a cipher in my calculations, was now my first thought. With a cry, I ran through the corridors to his laboratory and, at my news, the great bear of a man went hurrying back to Stephanie's boudoir, I at his heels.

She lay there as I had left her. The servants, alarmed by my cries, were already in the doorway. Euchar stood, holding them back, and his face held all Hades. The poor fellow evidently had the illiterate's fear of death and from behind him the wretched creatures of maidservants were beginning to wail. On the table above Stephanie stood the cause of her fate, the cursed glass of brandy, now half-empty, which had been poured out for me in that moment when all the world seemed mine.

I ran to the body but Leopold pushed me aside, gathered Stephanie in his bare arms—he was without his jacket—and vanished towards his room to try to revive her with some more of the ill-fated concoctions which had undoubtedly been the cause of her death. I sank into a chair, too overcome to speak, and buried my face in my hands.

It was while I sat thus that the extraordinary and farcical epilogue to the tragedy occurred. Dimly I heard Euchar drive the other servants away and I heard him move about the room, picking up the ornaments from the mantelpiece, which poor Stephanie had clutched in her agony as she fell. Then I heard another fall and looked up to see the man himself lying on the floor, his eyes closing over the agonised expression of a soul that sees itself approach the gates of Hell.

Imagine what the wretch had done. Incurable to the last, he had practised that most vile of servants' habits and drained the half-finished glass of brandy, not realising, in his dull brain, that its contents were fatal. It was too much for me, and I broke into hysterical laughter, in which condition Leopold found me on his return. He struck me brutally in the face and I knew no more.

THERE is little further to say. These events had so unnerved me that I took to my bed for some days, during which time you can well imagine the thoughts that passed through my fevered brain. It is possible that some of Leopold's chemicals were in my blood, too; I had little alternative but to put down as mad the man who would carry his experiments to the extent of tampering with household brandy. On this assumption, and allowing for the unbalancing effect of the moment, I have decided not to call him to account for striking me as he did. Not least did I thank Providence for preventing me, in some obscure way, from drinking the poisoned brandy immediately after lighting my cigar, which is my usual practice.

The police have interrogated me several times but I have confined my theories to myself and left my host to explain himself as he may. He has not said a word to me since that night, and it only remains for me to leave this place of ill omen as soon as I can; I have, in fact, booked my place in the Vienna train to-morrow.

I still see poor Stephanie as she lay there in the passion of death, and I see the fantastic figure of Euchar change place with her inside half an hour, a monument to the servant fallen into bad ways. If I had had another month with the man, I believe I could have cured him of his country habits, but as for me, I have seen enough of rural life to last me an age, and I shall be heartily glad to get back to an atmosphere where I can attempt to forget these awful happenings—happenings that cannot but leave their trace on me all my life.

THE END.

## Summer Sport *(Continued from page 498)*

I HAVE just received, it so happens, a letter from New Zealand which is disquieting, to say the least of it. There the Springboks have been on tour, and I gather that the International matches have produced Rugby football of a remarkably high standard. Competent judges say that never has such play been seen in New Zealand, even in the greatest years before the war.

That is good, but my correspondent adds, with disapproval, that the All Blacks have been put into camp for a week before the representative matches, and trained specially "like a Soccer or baseball team."

There you have it. Specialist training of this sort strikes me as directly contrary to the traditions of Rugby football, which is essentially a game for the Saturday afternoon player. The Northern Union game is another kettle of fish altogether, an affair for the vigorously trained professional, and none the worse for that. The Rugby authorities, however, have fought to preserve the amateur character of the game, and it is alarming to find the competitive spirit taking such control in New Zealand.

MY correspondent also said that in his opinion New Zealand will have to drop out of Test match cricket, since, in his words, "the game has become so commercial to-day that there is no room for an amateur country like ours."

Well, that is an unhappy thought. Maybe there is truth in it, though we should sorely miss the visits of cricket teams from New Zealand. And the reason for it—that cricket is too strenuously commercial—should make us ponder the whole condition of modern sport.

We are thinking now of the Australians who are coming over next summer. Eminent cricketers are already giving their views about the factors best calculated to make the Test matches a success. Five-day Tests, they argue, and livelier wickets, and so on and so on—but how much real cricket is left when the virtue has been squeezed out of it by the will to win, and a game has been changed into a humourless form of mock warfare?

LET me turn, however, to happier things. I see that Mr. A. Wallis Myers has published his annual list of the world's first ten lawn tennis players of both sexes. Mr. Myers is a bold man, but he is also an admirable critic, and his opinion is backed by experience, observation and reasoned argument.

He must, I think, be prepared for lively discussion on one point, for he places Señorita Lizana at the top of the women's list, with Mrs. Little (how unfamiliar does Miss Dorothy Round appear with her new name!) second.

Still, Mr. Myers is convincing on this decision. Mrs. Little, it is true, won at Wimbledon, and so may appear to deserve the No. 1 position, but Señorita Lizana has beaten Mrs. Little three times this year, and Mr. Myers saw her win the American title with a display of lawn tennis which entitled her to be ranked as the first genuine successor to Suzanne Lenglen.

IT is encouraging to find Miss Mary Hardwick singled out for recognition, and Mr. Myers thinks highly of C. E Hare.

He makes a plea also, where British women players are concerned, for a finishing school where strategy and match-play tactics could be acquired. I suppose such virtues might be taught, and yet surely they are largely instinctive. At any game the really good player has more than physical aptitude to commend him. Behind the instantaneous response of eye and hand and foot there is a cool and calculating mind. And upon the quality of that mind the degree of success in the use of the physical instrument depends.

I HAVE known a great many outstanding athletes. Some of them—many of them, indeed—would hardly go to the top of the class in school, but every one of them had a singularly alert and analytical intelligence concerning his own particular game. It is this factor which distinguishes the great player from the merely good player, and makes the development of a strategical sense virtually second nature.

*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

SEPTEMBER

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

.....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

# WE ANNOUNCE OUR NEW 'YOUNG LONDONERS' LINGERIE SHOP—IT'S ON THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

Breakfast Jacket in Satin Beauté embroidered and padded - - 30/-

Pantie to match chemise - 15/-

Sleeping Suit in Satin Beauté hand made - - 52/6

Chemise to match nightdress - 15/-

Tailored House Coat in wool Romaine 59/6

Nightdress in floral crêpe-de-Chine 25/-

Nightdress in pure crêpe-de-Chine 21/-

We have many, many youthful things and we want you to see them. We carefully study the sizes 32 and 34 bust in Lingerie, Dressing Gowns and House Coats. Drop in and see us soon.

# HARVEY NICHOLS

## LONDON'S FOREMOST FASHION SPECIALISTS

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd:. London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

# Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bolwell, Bath

## Mona Anne Vella

*Is engaged to Reginald Peter Baily, Lincolnshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Baily, of 33, Combe Park, Bath. She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. H. Vella and Mrs. Vella, of 171, Strada Mercanti, Valetta, Malta*

Vandyk

## Audrey Grace Long

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Long, of Great Wilbraham Hall, Cambridgeshire, and is engaged to John George Chappel, son of the late Dr. G. P. Chappel and Mrs. Chappel, of Clevedon, Altrincham*

Walter Bird

## Diana Forbes

*Is engaged to Dennis Stoll, youngest son of Sir Oswald and Lady Stoll, of Carlton House, Putney Hill, S.W. She is the elder daughter of Mrs. Duncan Forbes, of St. Georges Court, Brompton Road, S.W.3*

Walter Bird

## Nadina Newhouse

*Is engaged to Peter Charles Gordon, son of Captain and Mrs. W. L. E. Gordon, of Riversale House, Morlake. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Com. F. L. Newhouse, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Newhouse, of the Manor House, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich*

Pearl Freeman

## Doreen Crocker

*Is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. O. B. E. Crocker, of Hartley House, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos. Her wedding will be on October 16th to J. W. Moore, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Moore, of Mill House, Bourton*

Catherine Bell

## Una Saunders

*Is engaged to Ronald F. Welsh, Royal Artillery, son of the late Capt. Tom Welsh and Mrs. Edmund Holtby, of Dowthorpe Hall, Skirlaugh. She is the daughter of the late Alfred Saunders, of Greville Mount, Sydney, N.S.W., and Mrs. Saunders, of Grosvenor House, W.1*

Elliott & Fry

## Diana Moyle

*Is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Moyle, of Stalbridge, Dorset, and has announced her engagement to Neil McIntyre Kemp, son of the late Sir Norman Kemp and Lady Kemp, of Tigh Beg, Minard Point, Argyll*

Bassano

## Diana Moinet

*Is engaged to Francis J. L. Bury, son of L. E. Bury and the late Mrs. Bury, of Millichope Park, Craven Arms, Salop. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moinet, of Orchard House, Copthorne, Sussex*

Lenare

## Eve Louise Robins

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howis Robins, of Furnace Pond Cottage, Slaugham, Sussex, and is to marry John Fulton Hampton, son of the late E. B. Hampton and Mrs. Slater, of Milford, Ashstead, Surrey*

Lafayette

## Phœbe Hughes

*Is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. David Lumgair, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Lumgair, of Lustleigh, South Devon. Her parents are the Rev. W. B. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, of St. George's House, Woolwich Common*

Pearl Freeman

## Dr. Mary Christie

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Christie, of 40, Carlton Place, Aberdeen, and will be married after Christmas in Aberdeen Cathedral to Dr. T. N. Rudd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rudd, of Clone, Buckhurst Hill, Essex*

Bassano

## Margaret Roberts

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Roberts, of Dorsington Manor, Stratford-on-Avon. She is engaged to Christopher Robinson, son of the late J. S. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, of Wintergreen, Warlingham, Surrey*

### *Hickey — Baker*

*Dermot G. Hickey and Muriel Baker were married at Rathgar, Dublin. He is the son of the late Mr. J. Hickey and Mrs. Hickey, of Dundrum, Co. Dublin, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Baker, of Strathmerton, Rathgar, Dublin*

### *Lavington — Haslam*

*C. M. Lavington, son of Dr. and Mrs. Lavington, of Clifton, Bristol, and Mary Vivien Clare Haslam, daughter of the late Major A. H. C. Haslam, of Oakfield, Weston, Bath, were married at All Saints, Weston*

### *Bentall — Hawes*

*L. E. Rowan Bentall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bentall, of Oakwood Court, Leatherhead, and Adelia Hawes were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, of Chiltern Court, W.1, and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent*

### *Wells — Holmes*

*[illegible] Christopher Wells, R.N., son of S. R. Wells, M.P., and Mrs. Wells, of Felmersham Grange, Bedford, and Christina Hilary Holmes, daughter of H. O. Holmes, K.C., Procureur-General, Mixed Court of Appeal, Alexandria, were married at St. Mary's, Felmersham*

### *Wenger — Hardy*

*Richard Wenger and Hilda Hardy were married at the Savoy Chapel. He is the son of Colonel and Mrs. F. E. Wenger, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hardy, of Stockfield-on-Tyne*

### *Watt — Napier*

*Alexander Cameron Watt, son of the late Captain A. Watt, Black Watch, and Mrs. Watt, of Doonvarna, Monifieth, Angus, and Flora Napier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Napier, of Queen Street, Broughty Ferry, were married at St. Stephen's, Broughty Ferry*

### *Tanner — Rutherford*

*The Rev. Christopher Tanner, the English Rugby International and Cambridge Blue, married Eleanor Mary Constance Rutherford, daughter of E. J. Y. Rutherford, of Anne's Corner, Chesham Bois, Bucks., at St. Leonard's, Chesham Bois*

### *Welch — Finnigan*

*John Welch, son of T. Welch, of The Grange, Temperley, Cheshire, and Pamela Moira Finnigan, daughter of Herbert Finnigan, of Tree Oaks, Altrincham, Cheshire, were married at Altrincham*

### *Richards — Lebus*

*Edgar Richards, son of the late T. E. Richards and Mrs. Richards, of St. Andrews Mansions, Dorset Street, W.1, and Barbara Lebus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lebus, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1, and Hatley Park, Cambridge, were married at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield*

# The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## September 29 — October 5

**First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies**

## THEATRES

### Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner now nearing its end: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfred Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—Sean O'Casey's tragi-comedy, with Maire O'Neill and Sara Allgood, is at the Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PEOPLE IN LOVE.—A new light comedy, played chiefly by Greta Nissen, Ellen Pollock, Cyril Ritchard: Ambassadors.

PYGMALION.—Shaw sets the theatre rocking, with brilliant help from Diana Wynyard, Robert Morley, Jay Laurier, Jean Cadell: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

### Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 96.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

TAKE IT EASY.—American Barbara Blair wrote this musical comedy, and acts in it; Patricia Burke leads: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in the sparkling long-runner that is nearing its end: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 to October 2nd.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

*Sasha*

***Terence de Marney and Edna Davies in "Wanted for Murder," at the Lyceum***

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### First Night

THE LAST STRAW.—Psychological thriller with Marius Goring as another unpleasant hero; Lucie Mannheim acts and produces: Comedy, to-night, 29th.

## CINEMAS

ARTISTS AND MODELS (American).—Romance, music and girls; Jack Benny, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen: Plaza.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938 (American).—Big and rich cast in this slightly premature musical; Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Binnie Barnes, Sophie Tucker: Empire.

CAFÉ METROPOLE (American).—Set in Paris, it shows Adolphe Menjou as a cunning maître d'hotel playing with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power; good sophisti-comedy: Gaumont.

A DAY AT THE RACES (American).—Short run of the Marx Brothers' latest: Curzon.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Here 's a thrill for filmgoers—to see Marlene Dietrich in an English film, with Robert Donat as co-star: London Pavilion.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long-runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OVER SHE GOES (British).—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in their original stage parts; Claire Luce, Max Baer as a prizefighter (!), Gina Malo: Regal.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

. . . SAID O'REILLY TO MCNAB (American).—Business comedy between Will Mahoney and Will Fyffe; romance between James Carney and Jean Winstanley: New Gallery.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Carlton.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a technicolour tragedy, excellently acted, revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

## BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Fokine's *Coq d'Or* to-night and Friday: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SADLER'S WELLS:

PATINEURS, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, GODS GO A-BEGGING, APPARITIONS: Friday, 1st, 8.30.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, CHECKMATE (first London performance), AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE: Tues., 5th, 8.30.

## OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

AÏDA: to-night, 7.45.

MADAME BUTTERFLY: Thurs., 30th, 8.

CARMEN: Sat., 2nd, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME: Sat., 2nd, 8.

## MUSIC

### Concerts

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

BRAHMS CONCERT.—Soloist, Egon Petri: to-night, 29th.

MIXED CONCERT.—Soloists, Moiseiwitch and Nora Gruhn: Thurs., 30th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Symphonies 1 and 9: Fri., Octover 1st.

LAST CONCERT.—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Bax, Walton, and the Fantasia of Sea Songs: Sat., 2nd.

BOYD-NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA.—Wigmore Hall, October 5th, 8.30.

ISRAEL HOFFMANN.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, September 30th, 8.30.

**YOU want Best Seats**
**WE have them**
**KEITH PROWSE**
*Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.*
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

**AND we have the Best Show**
**REVUDEVILLE**
**at the**
**WINDMILL**
**PICCADILLY CIRCUS**

**STYLE 17**
Whole cut Court Shoe in Satin, with Louis XV heel. Obtainable in black and also in white for dyeing. Usually priced at 32/9 pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **21/9**

**STYLE 13**
Medium weight glacé instep Tie Shoe, with leather heel. Sizes 3 to 9. Usual price 35/- pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **20/-**

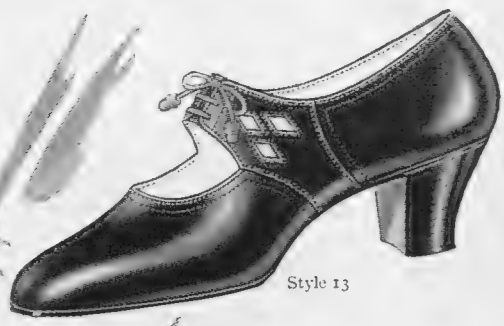
**STYLE 18**
Very smart black satin Court Shoe, with open embroidery. Also white satin and black and white crêpe. High Louis XV heel. Usually priced at 45/- pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **29/9**

**STYLE 15**
Moderate leather Cuban heel Shoe, in a combination of suède and leather. In black, brown, blue, grey and fawn. Sizes 3 to 9. Usual price 28/9 pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **21/9**

**STYLE 2**
Buckle-bar style Shoe, made from selected lizard skins. In either beige or brown. Usual price 32/6 pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **20/-**

**STYLE 5**
Good quality Country Shoe in grain and calf, with rubber sole and heel. In brown only. Usual price 42/- pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE - - **25/9**

Style 17



Style 13

Style 15

Style 18

# Special prices for gloves, shoes and stockings

Style 2

Style 5

FOR one week, commencing on Monday next, October 4, Marshall and Snelgrove offer their new stock of Gloves, Shoes and Stockings at special prices. Just a few typical offers are given on this page. Please call or write for the Booklet.

*"Marshella" Silk Stockings*
A reliable first choice silk Stocking offered during the Special Week at a substantia reduction. It will pay you to buy now for present and future needs. 500 dozen of 7-thread silk, with lisle thread feet and tops, lace clox. In a range of thirteen colours, which includes grey, gunmetal, nudetone and oatmeal, as well as the new medium and darker tones for the Autumn. Our regular number 'Marshella 4B' Stockings sold at 4/11 pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE **3/-** PAIR — 3 pairs for **8/9**

*"Kira" Pure Silk*
Special offer. 200 dozen 'Kira' beautiful all silk Stockings, with lace clox. Characteristic of French manufacture and finish, but made in England. Suitable for afternoon and evening wear. In a large range of pastel, medium and taupe shades. Regular price 8/11 pair.
SPECIAL WEEK PRICE **5/-** PAIR — 3 pairs for **14/9**

**Marshall & Snelgrove**
Vere Street & Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Tel. Mayfair 6600

*In Wool French Flannel*

A dressing gown that fits like a glove—as flattering as a Paris gown. In French twill flannel with collar and cuffs of velvet with stitched grape design. Buttoned front. In lido blue, deep sky blue, almond green, sea mist, navy or rose. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. 35/-

*Lingerie : Fourth Floor*

Swan & Edgar LTD

*Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Phone : REGent 1616.*

**ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**

The pool is warm and the night air is chilly, but she's in no hurry to take the plunge. A girl can stand quite a lot of exposure when she's got the right kind of figure. Even exposure to floodlights of several thousand candle-power — or should one say watts?

You must admit that slender outline is easy on the eye. And so it ought to be, for she drinks hardly anything but gin and Rose's. You can stay slim and stay out late if you stick to the right kind of lime juice. And there's one other thing she knows about Rose's. You can rely on it to neutralize anything which might, by any stretch of the imagination, be described as a morning after.

**SEE THAT IT'S MADE WITH ROSE'S**

**SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts gin. LONG DRINK—add soda.**

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

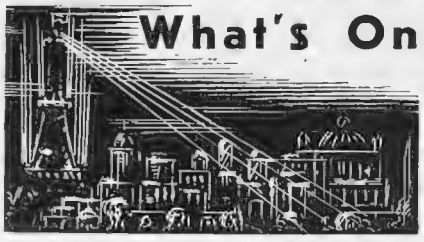
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

"Breso" regd. 8948. Fur felt sports hat with flat folded crown. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

# PARIS 1937




## The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

### THE RUSSIAN WEEK

One of the greatest artistic successes of the Exhibition has been scored by the Russians, whose Moscow Art Theatre has attracted hundreds of Parisians and foreign visitors to the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. This national theatre, which was an institution long before the Soviets came into power, has, in the face of great obstacles, maintained its high artistic standards, and all three of the plays given—Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* (doctored to fit the Communist ideology), Maxim Gorki's *The Enemies*, and *Liubov Iarovaia*—were all remarkably staged and acted. The last-mentioned play—a swift-moving melodrama of revolutionary times—evoked curious reactions among the audience, which was largely made up of Russians of the old régime, anxious to recapture the illusion of happier times. During the course of the play, the Czar's flag was shown several times, and received a tremendous ovation—somewhat to the discomfiture of the actors, who must have been accustomed to quite another reception of it in Moscow. But all political sentiments were buried in the final applause which was sincere and prolonged in recognition of the genuine artistic achievement of the actors.

### ART EXHIBITS OUTSIDE OF THE EXHIBITION

The Exhibition is not confined to its grounds alone. The Petit Palais, the Orangerie, and the Jeu de Paume, and other places have been utilised for a number of art exhibits given under the auspices of the Exhibition. These are well worth a visit to Paris if you are interested in art.

Among them is the monumental retrospective exhibition of all French art from Roman times until 1900, which is displayed in the beautiful new Museum of Modern Art on the Quai de Tokio. This building is a permanent feature of the Exhibition. Invaluable paintings and sculpture from collections in New York, Berlin, London, and elsewhere make this retrospective showing truly complete and representative. No one but a seasoned globe trotter could have seen all the paintings presented here, and it is not likely that they will ever be exhibited together in one place again. Priceless ancient tapestries from the main cathedrals of France, where they are shown but once or twice a year for special ceremonies, are hung in the entry rooms, and, thanks to the excellent lighting of the building and the sensible arrangement of the rooms, they can really be seen. Though hundreds of paintings are shown, depicting the gradual evolution of art in France, the national collection at the Louvre has not been touched, and some of the paintings have never been exhibited in France before. If one had but a day to spend in Paris, at least half of it should be spent in this Museum, for it is certainly the most impressive feature of the entire Exhibition.

A foretaste of what this Museum will be in the future is furnished by an additional exhibition of the works of Van Gogh. Adapting and developing the technique of the Soviet museums, the authorities have presented these curious and often strikingly beautiful canvases with abundant documentation. Instead of the usual banal rows of paintings, with perhaps a pamphlet on the subject by some famed art critic who writes too technically to be understood by the average visitor, every painting is accompanied (when possible) by letters of the artist or his friends referring to it; in the case of landscapes by photographs of the place painted. The pictures are exhibited in their proper order, and thus the artist's gradual development is revealed. Paintings of other artists which influenced Van Gogh in his early days are displayed as well, and by these various means the exhibition as a whole discloses the fascinating inter-relation between an artist and his work.

For all lovers of ultra-modern art, the Exhibition at the Musée de Jeu de Paume, though small, is selective and comprehensive of the best of such artists as Picasso, Juan Gris, Klee, Pascin, Léger, and Dali. The great pictures of the Cubist period are shown—and seem quite at home in a museum—as well as the most promising work of the Surrealists. Brancusi's abstract polished brass sculpture entitled "Bird in Flight" occupies a merited place of honour.

In contrast to this exhibition is the display of Chinese porcelains and bronzes in the neighbouring Musée de l'Orangerie. These age-old works of art, sober and serene, include many famed pieces from foreign collections and are especially interesting to connoisseurs.

Another original exhibition held in honour of the Exhibition is the Grenoble Museum's contribution—a collection of paintings by France's "masters of reality." This exhibition is held on the Rue Royale, and includes the works of such interesting artists as Rousseau and Vivin—for the most part delightfully naïve and imaginative paintings of Parisian scenes.

"One-Man" exhibitions under the auspices of the Exhibition are Maillot's sculpture at the Petit Palais, and El Greco's paintings. Some of the latter were rescued from Madrid in the early days of the Spanish Civil War.

### THE SPANISH PAVILION

The long-delayed Spanish Pavilion is a startling expression of national feeling. A strange, huge mural by Picasso, entitled "War," covers an entire wall; while Miro and other Spanish painters have contributed paintings on allied subjects. Most of the pavilion is given over to propaganda for the Leftist Government—square yards of photographs of battle scenes, ruins and refugees. The colourful patio, however, is the scene of frequent native dances; a loud-speaker fills the air with the sound of flamencos all day long, and there are always crowds around the modernistic iron fountain which spouts quicksilver instead of water.

### THE CENTRE RURAL

Another Exhibition feature not located in the Exhibition grounds is the Centre Rural, which is at the Porte Maillot entrance of the Bois de Boulogne. Anyone who dreams of owning a house in the country, with chickens and a cow, will find much to please and interest him in this unique and intelligently handled exhibition of rurality. A modern village, complete with post-office, town hall, café, general store, hotel, and co-operative agricultural establishments, is so artfully contrived that one has the impression when standing in its pretty square, of being miles away from Paris. In the town hall is a folk-lore museum which had been moved from its native Brittany for the occasion. Incidentally, the hotel—called the Hotel de la Poste—serves a very good dinner under the trees in its garden for the inclusive price of twenty-five francs.

### RECOVERY FROM SIGHTSEEING

Paris abounds in beauty specialists, but there are few who can boast the thirty years' experience of Mme. Renaudin, of 15, Avenue Pierre-1er-de-Serbie. She can justly call herself a specialist, for she is concerned only with face and neck, and her treatment—especially after a long day of sightseeing at the Exhibition—quickly restores freshness and youth.

### HOW TO ENSURE A TROUBLE-FREE HOLIDAY

Visiting Paris without a working knowledge of French sometimes causes unexpected annoyances and difficulties. The best way to avoid them and to make the most of your visit is to consult an expert travel agency such as Cooks. Their offices are conveniently located at the Madeleine and on the Champs-Élysées, and they gladly handle such troublesome details as reserving seats, baggage formalities, booking tickets, etc. Their sightseeing arrangements are really competent, and disappointment-proof—if you see Paris via one of their famous conducted tours, you will miss nothing important.

KLYTIA
INSTITUT DE BEAUTE
26, Place Vendôme, PARIS
★ ★ ★
NICE
VICHY
LONDON:
27, Old Bond Street, W.1

Lunch or dine
"ON BOARD THE NORMANDIE"
Restaurant of the Cie Gle Transatlantique.
Opened from 11 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.
Business-luncheons.
Enjoy the atmosphere and the cuisine of the great French Liner on the most beautiful open air Terrace of the Exhibition.
PAVILLON DE LA MARINE MARCHANDE
Quai d'Orsay—Porte of the Rue de Constantine.
(Reserve your Table by telephone. Inv. 31-58)

MAPPIN & WEBB
GIFTS
1, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.

BOISSIER
confiseur de Paris
candies shop
7, Boul.d des Capucines
104, Champs-Élysées
93, Avenue Malakoff
SALON DE THÉ

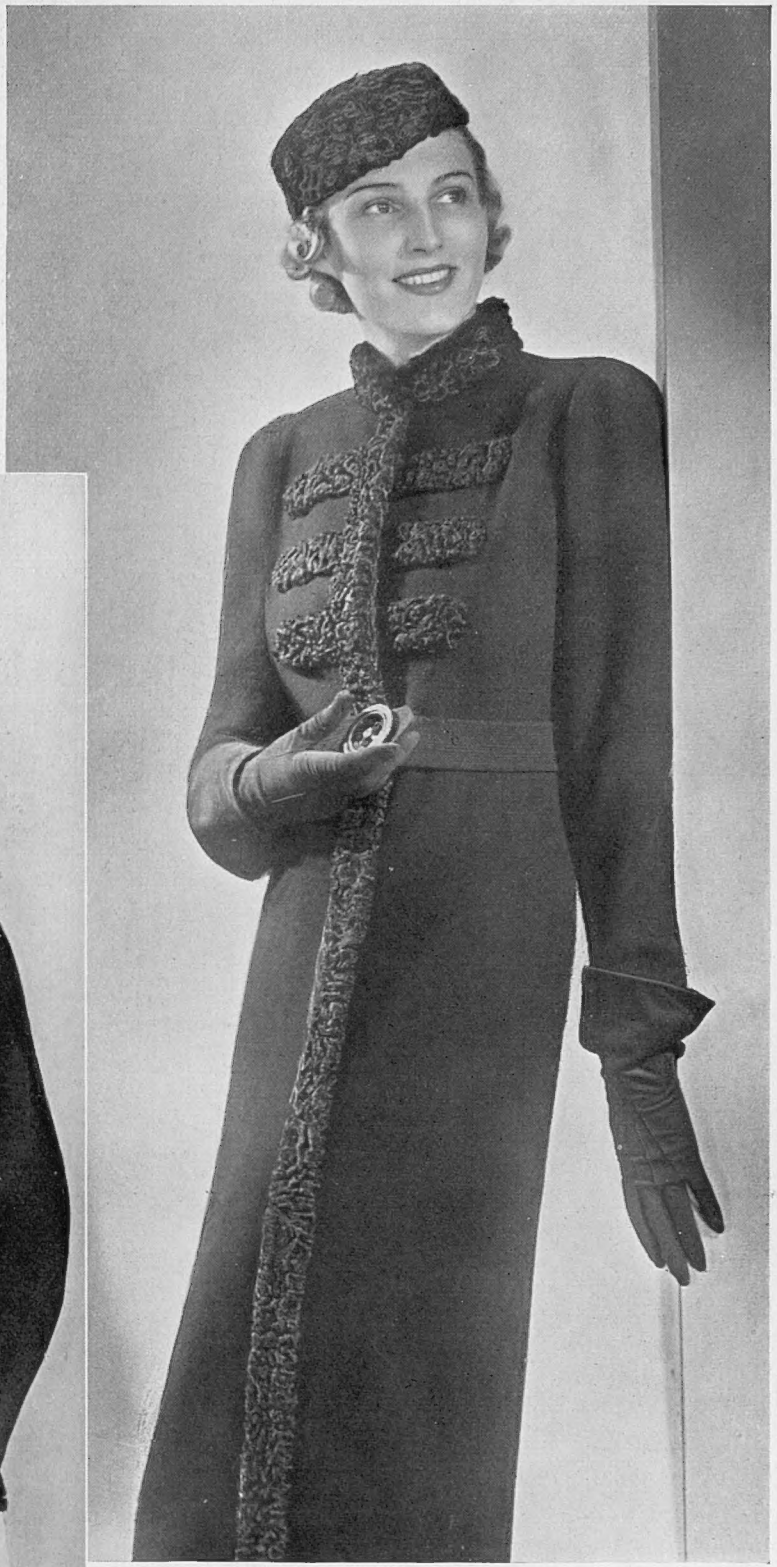
The Parfums of Prince Matchabelli
Fortnum & Mason's — London
26 Rue Cambon — Paris

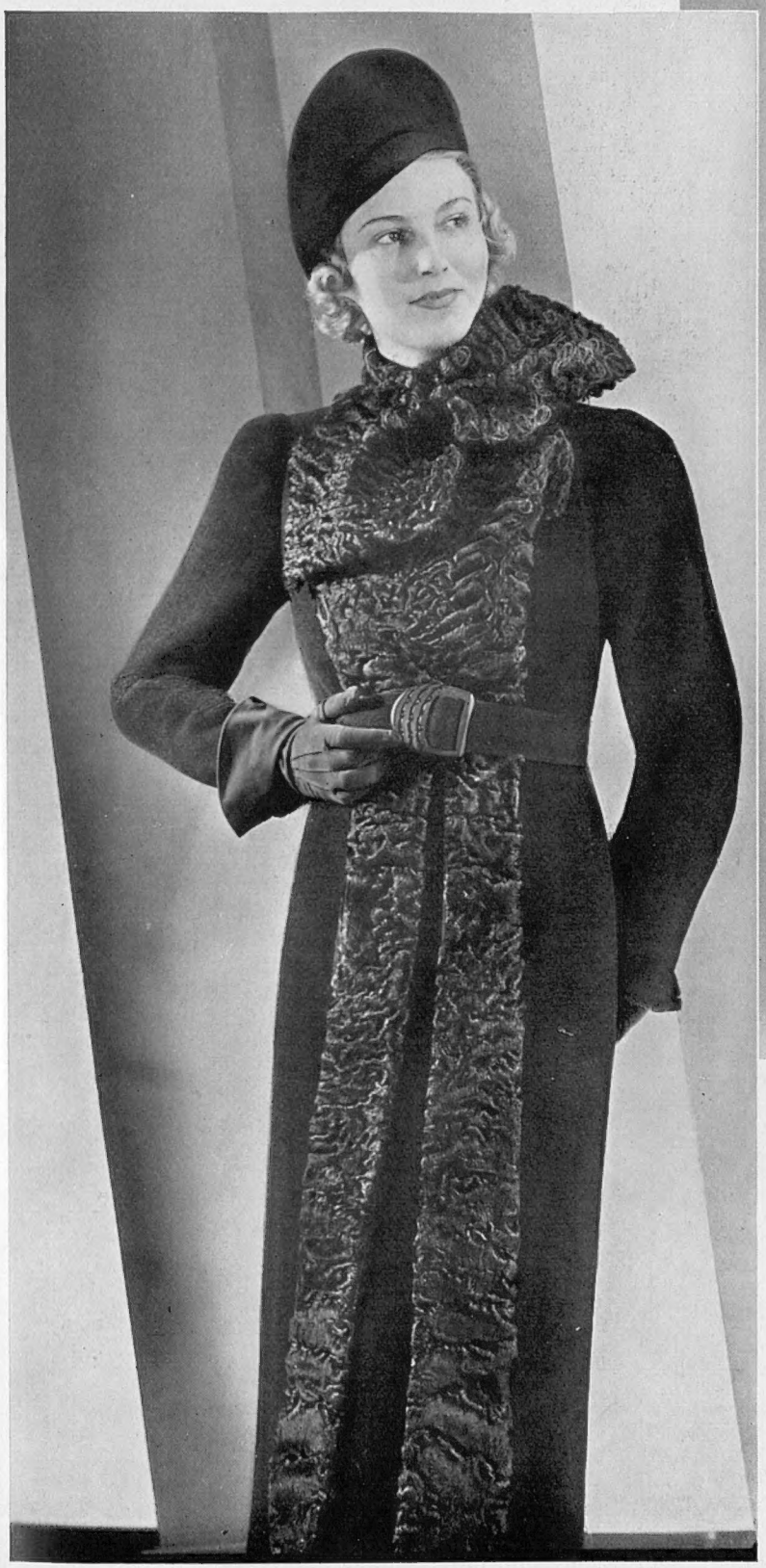
Madeleine RENAUDIN
BEAUTY PRODUCTS & TREATMENTS
15 Ave. Pierre-1er-de-Serbie, PARIS
Phone: PASSY 13-15
HER REMARKABLE PRODUCTS ARE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

COOKS — FOR PARIS
THOS. COOK & SON LTD.
BERKELEY ST., LONDON, W.1
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE
Tickets issued for all routes. Rail and Boat, Train-Ferry, Air. Pullman, Sleepers and Hotel Accommodation reserved. Sightseeing arranged.

# New Coat Fashions

AUTUMN & WINTER
1937-8





(*Above*) YOUNG LADIES' COAT in good quality material becomingly finished with good quality Persian Lamb Fur. In black, brown and green. PRICE **8½** GNS.

(*Below*) SMART MODEL COAT in Black Velour-finished material attractively finished with fine quality Persian Lamb. PRICE **28** GNS.

**Jay's** LTD.
Regent St.
London W.1
CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS

In the softest, most pliable skins imaginable, Suede — now equally important for town and country—is perfectly tailored for this attractive autumn suit. Collarless jacket with revers, rolled suede buttons and ten-gored skirt. From the Sportswear Salon in New green, beige or beetroot . . 10 Guineas.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

## "I never run the risk of Blood Poisoning

As soon as any member of my family gets a scratch or a cut, let alone a more serious wound, I instantly apply Sanitas, and it never fails to prevent serious complications through blood poisoning."

When the skin is broken blood poisoning may develop if the wound is not attended to. Sanitas, full strength, should be applied to the affected part several times a day. This will promote rapid healing and prevent the wound from becoming septic.

SANITAS IS THE RELIABLE FAMILY ANTISEPTIC FOR ALL PURPOSES OF HOUSEHOLD & PERSONAL HYGIENE.

# SANITAS

The SAFEGUARD

Recommended by Doctors and Nurses for over 60 years.

6d. 1/- 1/6

*The large size bottle is fitted with a sprinkler cap.*

*Wilcox*

Perfect for all sporting occasions, and quite suitable for less informal wear.

# STETSON

SOLD BY PRINCIPAL HATTERS EVERYWHERE

*Offices and Showrooms (Wholesale only) : 70, New Bond Street, London, W.1.*

**IN THE CENTRE OF GAY LONDON**

Piccadilly Circus . . . . the hub of the world . . . . the heart of Theatreland . . . . the centre of the smartest shops. Here, the WINSTON HOTEL awaits to bid you welcome. Comfort, courtesy and cuisine all vie with each other to win your approval.

*Try the perfect cuisine of the new AUSTRIA RESTAURANT and SALZBURG GRILL—delightful atmosphere, Viennese Music, and Dancing—in the*

Winston HOTEL

PICCADILLY—CIRCUS

ENTRANCE: 1, JERMYN ST., S.W.1

Phone: WHitehall 7361.

Private CASH Advances

By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,

14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.

**£50 to £5,000**

Without Security.

*Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning*

THE BYSTANDER

*when replying to their announcements.*



THE BYSTANDER

Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4

*Telephone: Central 1010*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

*(Revised from January 1, 1935)*

| Published Weekly at 1/- | Twelve Months, including Xmas Number. | Six Months, including Xmas Number. | Six Months, No Extras | Three Months, No Extras |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Inland | £ 3 0 10 | £ 1 11 6 | £ 1 9 3 | s. 14 9 |
| Canada | £ 3 0 8 | £ 1 10 6 | £ 1 9 3 | s. 14 9 |
| Elsewhere Abroad | £ 3 5 0 | £ 1 13 8 | £ 1 11 4 | s. 15 9 |

*In all cases including postage.*

**ORDER FORM.**

To the Publisher of *The Bystander*, Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

*Please send me* THE BYSTANDER *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

*for which I enclose.....*

*Name.....*

*Address.....*

*Date .....* 1937

***Postage Rates :*** **INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2½d.**



**NEW SUITS FOR OLD**

Send us your favourite suit and we will copy it in one of our "John Peel" Cumberland Tweeds. Prices from 97/6 suit—57/6 jacket. Send for patterns and particulars.

**REDMAYNES**

58, WIGTON, CUMBERLAND

*Approved by doctors*
*Famous for 50 years*

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

RENDELLS

# VAPEX CLEARS HEAD COLDS

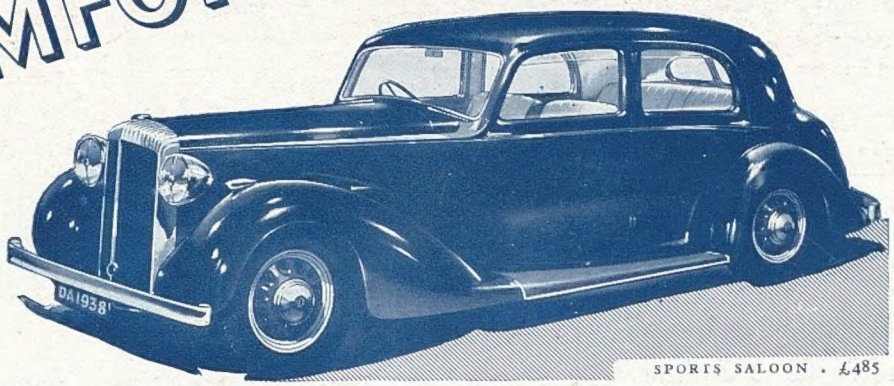
Breathe the Vapex vapour from your handkerchief by day and from the end of your pillow by night. It kills the germs, relieves stuffiness, prevents the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V162 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO LTD

BY APPOINTMENT

# COMFORT . . . IN 'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'




SPORTS SALOON . £485

When you have admired the beauty of this car, and sampled its speed, it remains to discover how these qualities have been wedded to the Daimler ideal of comfort. There is comfort in the roominess of this car, giving ample space for five. Comfort in the flush floor with no wells. There is comfort, for mind and body, in its firm grip on the road, in the total absence of roll, sway or slide on fast curves.

The reason? There are several. There is the Daimler system, patiently perfected, of independent front wheel springing; protracted experiment with torsional sway control, weight distribution, inter-axial seating—each related, co-related, for comfort. Take the wheel—the steering is the lightest you ever handled—and yet the most positive. An interesting car—however you look at it.

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axial seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

*(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents)*

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

(16.2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£475**

*See this car at your nearest distributor or write to* THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial.*

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

"Yes, Mr. Ffringe, . . . . Van Heusen collars are always replaceable; and Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs save a lot of frayed temper."

'Van Heusen' curve woven cuffs are an integral part of every 'Vantella' shirt—and that means indefinite wear and wash. 'Van Heusen' collars to match your shirt are always obtainable—that means the vagaries of the vaguest laundry can be put right for a mere 1/3. 'Vantella' shirts (three lengths of sleeve to every neckband size) are fadeless and unshrinkable and sold by all good outfitters at 9/3 in zephyr, 10/6 in poplin de luxe; 'Van Heusen' collars to match, 1/3 each extra.

*'Van Heusen' semi-stiff collars, neckbands and cuffs are made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London.*

SHIRTS BY 'VANTELLA' REGD.

COLLARS TO MATCH BY 'VAN HEUSEN' REGD. TRADE MARK.

COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, LONDON, E.C.2.

I'M A CONFIRMED NON-SMOKER

ESSE PATENT STOVES

This continuous-burning hopper-fed B.J. ESSE Anthracite Stove provides the cheapest and healthiest form of heating obtainable to-day. Write for illustrated catalogue with details of new Hire Purchase Plan and the name of your nearest Dealer.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

LONDON: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4, 8 Upper Thames St., E.C.4, 63 Conduit St., W.1

Also at LIVERPOOL — EDINBURGH — GLASGOW